

THE IVST ITALIAN.

Lately presented in the priuate house
at Blacke Friers,

By his Maiesties Seruants.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *John Waterfon*, and
are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in
Paules Churchyard. 1630.

THE IVY LEAF

Lately presented in the picture house
at Lincoln's Inn

By Mr. William G. W. G.



LONDON

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and to be sold at the office of the
Printers, Chancery Lane, 1870



TO THE RIGHT

Honourable,

The Earle of DORSET, &c.

My Lord,



THE vnciuill ignorance of the
People, had depriu'd this hum-
ble worke of life; but that your
Lordships approbation, stept
in, to succour it. Those many
that came with resolution to
dispraise (knowing your Lordships iudgement, to be
powerfull, aboue their malice) were eyther corre-
cted to an vnderstanding, or modesty: And this
large benefite, hath betray'd your Lordship to a De-
dication. I am bold to belecue, fancies of this com-
posure, haue beene nobly entertayn'd, by the most
knowing Princes of the World: The ignorance,

that begets the change in this our age, it may become
your Lordships example, to correct, mee to lament;
if so tame a passion, can possesse a Poet, and one, ex-
alted with a hope to be receiv'd

Your Lordships humble Seruant,

WILLIAM D'AVENTANT.



To my Friend M. D'AVENANT, ON
his legitimate Poeme.

Even so the silly *Midas* iudg'd of old
Twixt *Pan* and great *Apollo*. As this bold
Herd, of his race, that th'antun'd Pipe admire,
And heare thy straynes, as the dull Ass the Lyre.
What wonder then, if thou the lawfull Son
Of *Phaëus*, taste what was to him begun.

Hence, giddy fooles; run to the noyse they make
At *Paris* garden; or your selues betake
To the new Motion, the fine Puppet playes,
And there adore. Commend the learned layes
That make a din about the streets, or els
Exroll the Jewes-trumpe, or the morris bells.
These, your great heads may manage. Only let
The wiser few, (whose blessed cares haue met
The harmony that all the Muses make,
And from those heauenly sounds assurance take,
That thou sing'st the same tunes) admitted be
To thy Seraphyck musicke, and set free
To entertayne their soules in that high quire,
Which, not weake fooles, but such as know, admire.

Will. Hopkins.

To my worthy Friend, M. D'AVENANT,
Vpon his Excellent Play, The
Iust Italian.

ILle not mispend in prayse, the narrow roome
I borrow in this lease; the Garlands bloome
From thine owne seedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the sullen Age
Requires a Satyre. What starre guides the soule
Of these our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to iudge? When didst thou flie
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuity?
I haue beheld, when pearched on the smooth brow
Of a sayre modest troope, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter workes; but then the weak
Spectator, gave the knowing leane to speake.
Now noyse prenayles, and he is taxd for drowth
Of wit, that with the crie, spends not his mouth.
Yet aske him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soule with scorne, and Pity: marke the places
Prouoke their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
When, they admire, nod, shake the head: they'le be
A scene of myrth, a double Comedie.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brayne,
Drest in Poetique flames) they entertayne
As a bold, impious reach; for they'l still flight
All that exceeds Red Bull, and Cockepit flight.

These

These are the men in crowded heapes that throng
 To that adulterate stage, where not a tong
 Of th' untun'd Kennell, can a line repeat
 Of serious sense: but like lips, meet like meat;
 Whilst the true brood of Actors, that alone
 Keepe naturall vnstrayn'd Action in her throne
 Behold their Benches bare, though they rehearse
 The tearful Beaumonts or great Iohnsons verse.
 Repine not Thow then, since this churlish fate
 Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the State
 Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good,
 Haue by the Rabble beecne misunderstood.
 So was thy Play; whose cleere, yet lofty strayne,
 Wisemen, that gouerne Fate, shall entertayne.

Tho. Carew.

The Scene Floreince.

The Persons presented.

Altamont

Florello

Mernello

Sciolto

Rossa

Molard

Niente

Dandelo

Stoccata

Punto

Aliza

Charintha

Scoperta

Bejornia

Mutes, &c.

The iust Italian.

A cast soldier his brother.

Friend to Altamont.

A yong Florentine.

Companions to Florello:

Viberto Altamont's wife.

A Count of Milan.

His Champions.

Wife to Altamont.

Her sister.

Sister vnto Altamont.

Woman to Aliza.

The Scene Florence.



THE IVST ITALIAN.

Act the first. Scene the first.

Enter Mervolle, Altamont.



Mervolle. His puzzles my belife : the sickly Moone
Hath not yet twice expir'd her vsuall
Since you did mingle Soules, and can
That she so soone recoyles from grace
Harmonious quiet of your bed ?

Altamont. My Deare

Mervolle she is lost : As well may I
Collect the scatter'd windes into a bagge,
Or from the watry surface scrape the gill
Reflections of the Sunne, as bring her heart
Within the quiet list of wines that will
Obay and loue.

Mervolle. Can the Duke (her Vnkle)
Giue an encouragement to her revolt,
Maintaine the females Charter 'gainst the male

Altamont. Him, and his supreametide she will ne
To iustifie the glory of her birth,
And then recites the Vilages and wealth,
She brought to me for dowrie, in parallell
With what I formerly possell'd, she doth

The iust Italian.

Affront my memorie with stories of
My leane and niggard fate, and vring then
Her vast supplies, doeth challenge leaue to call
Her pride and rigour iust.

Mervelle. This griefe is of
Sad quality?

Altamont. The heart hangs heauie on
The strings, when it alone contains the cause
And knowledge of its weight: for troubled windes
In their dispersion loose their strength, so griefes,
Whilst they are reueal'd, diminish from themselves.
But the calamities, that doe perplex
The Nuptiall bed, are of a propertie
Recluse, and must be hidden euen from friends:
For on such secrets Fame doeth feede with fierce,
And meagre appetite; and as swift Fame
Doeth trauaile with them, they increase. So much
Comerce I haue with humane Arts, that I
Can sleepe my Gallin in my owne teares, and make
That salt which she intended bitter; Shew
Her crime to spring, not from poyson'd mallice,
But from the feminine mistakes of wits
For moderne Courts now preach, wit doeth reside
In Ladies subtle riots, and their pride.

Enter Florio, Rossa, Malard.

Souldierly meane habits.

Mervelle. Behold your brother (sir) whose safe returne,
This morne I mention'd to your care —

Altamont. Thy growth
Hath so orecash'd my sight, that I'm estrang'd
To my best blood: and but, thy figure in
My heart I weare (by which my memory's
Enform'd) I should not know I had thee here.

Florio. I reckon this the chiefe delight I haue
Receiv'd on Earth. And (sir) your love is of
Such so'raigne quality, & little so'raigne

The iust Italian.

Will ouercharge my sense: Giue but a part
To me, the rest conferre vpon my friends
Who, though in witherd habits, doe deserue,
Societie with Kings: for neuer yet,
Did bolder Souldiers listne to the Drumme.

Altamont. Gentlemen, ye shall enrich my knowledge

Rossa: Noble Signior, vnprofitable loue
Is all our wealth

Molard. But wee'le contriue our selues
For your best vse.

Florello. I'ue sayd, consider them
Within; their weedes are ouergrowne and cheape.

Altamont. Brother (how ere wise fate may answere it)
Me thinks, these your owne robes are not o'th right
Tyrian dy, nor hath the rich weight of your
Tall Plume the Elstridge rob'd of both her winges.

Florello. Euen thus (sir) poore, and with small victory
Am I return'd from our cast Troopes. Our pay
Rests in Areres, and Pisa's lost: But you
(I heare) haue found a fewell, that containes
All price and lustre; and you doe weare it
In your bosome: (a noble wife) whose birth
And beautie, are alike vnnall'd as
Her dowre. This I encounterd on
The Lips of Fame, and I made haste to share
In your successe, and put your bounty to
The test.

Altamont. Florello, I haue lost my sleepe,
Things differ much from the sinceritie
Of their first growth: Altezra hath forgot
Th'allegiance of a wife, she doth practise
How with her riot to impouerish States,
And by her losstie pride, to iustifie
The immortalitie of flesh. This Theme
Is sad, but I will giue you cause to expect
The vtmost strength and power of my reliefe.

Florello. You teach my feeble wants a confidence.

The iust Italian.

Altamont. If you a while obscure your selfe (for feare
Your pouertie increase her scorne) you shall
Performe a rationall request. Our young
Faire Sister, is conceald for the same cause.

Fiorello. Your mention doth anticipate my loue,
Is our faire Sister well?

Altamont. Shee doth enioy
Rare beautie, and much health:

Mervelle. I heare your wife.

Alia. You and your friends, moue backe, and be not scene.

Enter Alieza, Charinba, Niente.

Alieza. Tis Signior *Allidore*, *Antonio's* sonne:
Viturnio, or the rich *Pirracco*.
Gritalin, or old *Contarini* of
Placentia—

Niente. Madam, your husband hath
Protested 'gainst your credit, euen to these:

Alie. Slaue, geoe force an answer more delightfull.

Niente. I obey you Madam.

Alieza. Is't come to this?
I'll be a crooked Spinster first, and with
My spittle and my flaxe procure my bread.

Altamont. What is the cause my Princess thus delights
In frownes? Anger sits on her brow like age.

Alieza. Hence, I see thee, and my eyes shrinke into
My skull: the Rauen's not so ominous
and blacke.

Altamont. Yet vrge the cause (my Loue) why your
Defiance is so violent and lowd?

Alie. A Millainois shew'd me to day for sale,
Bright and spacious Jewels; but in the darke,
Your pusill malice hath betray'd my faith,
With Merchants. You have now my credit wrought
So low, and cheape; I cannot stand depos'd
For th' triviall loane of fortie thousand crownes.

Altamont.

The iust Italian.

Altamont. I would surway a list of all your wants,
That I may so haue power to hasten the
Redresse: Doe you dislike your properties
Of house, your Vestments, or seruice of your
Table; Giue but a name vnto thy wish?

Alteza. I would haue my Orchard—par'd with Aggata.

Altamont. O, and your garden walls rais'd high, 't hedge in
Paraquetos, and th' rhetorical Dawe?

Athera. Thou hast a rude heart, and a blisterd tongue!

Charintha. Well, the first day of your coniunction Sir,
I little thought you would haue vs'd her thus.

Mernado. Charintha's become her Sisters Pupill.

Florido. And I perceine a masculine itch beneath
Her left eye; she longs to taste man.

Altamont. Come Loue,
Be gentle as thy bridall smiles: for by
Thy selfe I sweare, my speech did purpose nought,
To tempt thy spleene. Lend me thy melting hand!

Alte. There—'tis to reach backe the heart I gaue ye—

Altamont. You spirits that secure the propertie
Of humane loue, be still officiall heere!

Why should we not for euer thus remaine,

Incorporate, and conioyn'd. 'Tis sympathie,

And loue, that giues the world continuance

And life. Each species Loue preserues. 'Tis loue

That makes th'eternall Wisedome thus forbear

The silly crimes of dull humanitie:

And suffers vs, like each delighted flie,

To play the triuiall wantons in his eye.

Alteza. You preach of loue, but your obedience would
More pleasure me.

Altamont. This argues thy renolt!

And is a stratagem against nature.

Thou wouldst vsurpe the Charter of the male

'Tis my confession, that thy dowre was vaine

And opulent, and such as may support

Thy titles, and thy birth, with all the pride

And

The iust Italian.

And cunning of magnificence. Let my
Sincere phrase instruct thy heart. Reassume
The blushes of thy youth; with timorous
Modestie behave thy gesture and thy tongue;
And then, thou shalt stand vpon exemplary
To all triumphant Courts: the crone of
The Easterne Queenes: th' Astrologers mistake,
Who shall direct their Opticks vnto thee,
Asto a new and vnknowne Starre.

Altoza Sister! ———

Altamont. The small Musitions of the aire (whom Queenes
With mimicke falconrie doe pearch vpon
Their fists) shall be thy food. Thy maides shall cate
Young Pelicanes, and Squirils hearts.

Altoza. Excellent!

Altamont. Thy beuiridge shall be propheticke, and
Diuine, for thou shalt drinke that soueraigne dew,
That hangs vpon the frighted Lillies cheek,
And brew'd with Syren teares, such as they shed
In reall obsequies.

Altoza. O bounteous Sir! ———

Altamont. The soft entrails o' th' Persian worme, th' Ermines
Pale fur, shall cloth thy limmes.

Altoza. More precious still!

Altamont. Those gums and spices which the Arabian bird,
Collects to make her tragicke piles, shall be
Thy winter sewell:

Altoza. Prettie Sir, proceed!

Alto. Thou shalt haue Marmasets, and Dwarfs, the male
And female too, to procreate in thy house,
That thy delights may euer be renew'd,
Thy Jewels shall increase, as if the low'd
Indies were thy Quarrie. Th' Almighty Sunne
Shall rise, and see a nobler day breake from
Thy Cabinet, then yet the illustrious East
Ere knew.

Altoza. But how will you performe these hopes?

Altamont.

The iust Italian.

Altamont. The miracle, and power, doe both consist,
In my large wealth.

Alexa. Death on my Tribe! Your wealth?

Altamont. I, my sweet Loue,

Alexa. Your wealth?

Altamont. This iteration
Scarce will delight, if it be negative.

Alexa. Canst thou persist in such accursed schisme?

Altamont. Did you not then intend, when you endow'd
Me with your wealth, that I should call it mine?

Alexa. By heauen not I. I forfeited the Loue
O' th' great Duke (my Vnkle) to marry thee,
That wert a thing shrunke from thy fate, and lost
Vnto the lippes and eyes of men; but yet
In most assured hope, that thou wouldst prooue,
An humble and obedient husband.

Altamont. Th' art more impudent, then the Basiliske,
Who stares i'th blessed face of man, vntill
He kill him with his eyes.

Alexa. Heare Altamont!
For I will giue solemnitie vnto
A vow, that shall for euermore, diuide
Thee from my bed—

Mervelle. Deare Madam hold! Each sence
Of mine doth blush, that can perceiue, your wild,
Rebellious wrath. Hath not the Church nam'd him
Your husband, and your Lord?

Alexa. M'opinions of
The Church, I'll tell to'th Conclau, not to you—

Altamont. Is this the helpe, Diuinitie gaue me?
Snuffe the Moone, she burnes dimme. The Sphaeres are now
Ill tun'd, and aged nature backward eedes.

Alexa. Thy anger vaine. Heere I doe banish thee
My bed: And we will neuer more embrace.

Altamont. Rebellious fiend.

Alexa. I now diuide my house:
This side is mine, with the dimensions that

Dependance

The iust Italian.

Dependence have on this square frame: for heere
My familie and I will rule. That side
You, and your meagre ragged traine possesse.
Thou mayst henceforth my neighbour, but no more
My husband be. *Charintha*, come away.

Altamont. I must pursue, lest she her anger make
Too lowd, so we inuite the publike scorne.

Exeunt Altamont, Charintha: Altamont.

Mervelle. Is not thy brothers wife a pure tame hennge?
How dost thou like hernoyse?

Fiorillo. Were she but mine, I should have
I'd teach her keepe a noyse too after death.

Mervelle. How so?

Fiorillo. I'd strippe her skinne o're her eares and
Make a drumme on't.

Rossa. She was borne in a storme

Molard. And begot sure with the Boefwayns whistle;

Fiorillo. *Mervelle*, you have nam'd *Charintha*,

As a precious Virgine, of nature most

Remisse, a quiet tongue, and such a heart,

As might become an able sacrifice,

To expiate the whole world.

Mervelle. This I esteem'd

My iustice on her merits, but it seemes

Her Sisters documents ore rule her now.

Her dowry is of ample rate, and may

Deserve the chiefe of our Italian youth.

Fiorillo. What's *Dandalo*, that sues to her for loue?

Mervelle. *Dandalo*, the Count of Millaine? A thing

Compos'd of spicery and starch: Nature

Contriu'd him in her sleepe. His ignorance

Might answere for his sinnes; he would accompt

Amongst his wealth, the land he has in Heaven.

Fiorillo. I heard you say, she neuer saw him yet.

Mervelle. Neuer Sir: He wooes her by his letters.

She desiring a personall suray

Ere prosecution of the sute, he sent

The iust Italian.

Her word, he'd make's addresse by stealth, but we
Expect him not ere th' birth of the next Moon.

Florello. Will his ariual be so long delay'd? —

Brother! — How thrives your patience ore your wife?

Alta. Some Philosophicke hope remaines: the Storme
Can't last, because 'tis still more violent.

Sh'ath tane Caroch for the Pallace, and meanes

Straite to disgrace me to the Duke

By her complaints.

Mervelle. Her vaines overflow with Gall!

Altamont. *Florello*, I desire thou'lt not appeare
Before her eye, vntill thy habit's chang'd.

My present power summes but a thousand crownes,
Which I haue brought, and prostrate to thy vse —

Gives him a Bagge.

Florello. Sir it is fit your blessings were encreas'd;
And that your wife had read your worth.

Altamont. My Art betrayes my hopes, or I haue found
A remedy to cure her pride: your helpe

Mervelle, I must craue; and with swift speed:

Exeunt Altamont, Mervelle.

Florello. *Rossa*, *Molard*, (friends to my Soule and Braine)
Aduance your subtile Eyes! The sou'raigne mine
Behold, that makes the solemne Patriarke dance,
And the anointed King to skippe, as doth
His limber Dwarfie,

Rossa. Yellow as foot of Kite!

Molard. Shall we be tender natur'd, and diuide?

Florello. This is the portion will procure vs all
High dignitie and place. *Rossa*, you must

Find cause to number these — Goe, ransom out

Our captiue weedes, and the rich habit I

From *Pisa* brought: whilst you (*Molard*) with the

Assistance of these few — procure vs fit

Materials to adorne, and put in bright

Aspect our Corps. Enquire for Pearles! Stones of

The cunningst soyle, we'le like them, and disburse.

The iust Italian.

Rossa. Is there some aged vessell now asleepe
In the Docke, that will pay for her calking?

Molard. *Florello*, must we stop the publike leakes?

Florello. Ere long we shall be great, be able to
Advance with smiles, and with our frownes destroy.
You *Rossa*, I'll create a Magistrate.

Goe practise the austere Cough. Pale delinquents
Thou shalt learne to icere, and to sleepe ore men
Condemn'd.

Rossa. The calling (Sir) I doe vouchsafe.

Florello. Thou (my *Molard*) shalt rule in Villages,
Grow popular, and mistake the Lawes. Thou shalt
Delight i'th Kallender: the Rubricke dayes
Thou shalt obserue, and then destroy thy beece.
Whilst thy dull earthie Tenant's feede vntill
They smell.

Molard. My Launcepresado then shall sop
His Grist in Cyder and in wine!

Rossa. And my
Dread Corporall shall sinne no more for Leekes,
His Girdle and his socks he shall vn pawne.

Florello. The solitarie Hostesse shall no more
Boyle the Carion meate that she must trust,
In her owne teares; Nor with a Requiem bring
The seruice vp, as if it were the Haunch
Of her dead Husband.

Rossa. I am intire flame!

Florello. The Geographick Captaine shall no more
Studie the Towne Mappe, that's darke walkes may be
Contriu'd through slender Allies and through Lanes,
To scape his hungrie Creditors abroad.

Rossa. Thy Prouince is Chaldea, thy Father
Was a Rabby!

Molard. And thy Aunt a Sybill!

Florello. These are the victories of wit: by wit
We must atchieue our hopes, which to refine
And purifie, with patre doubled let's

Descend

The iust Italian.

Descend a Marble vault, there taste the rich
Legitimate blood of the mighty Grape.
Tis precious as the milke of Queenes, such as
Would teach dull Saturne laugh. It magnifies
The heart, and makes the agill spirits dance,
It drownds all thoughts adulterate and sad;
Inspires the Prophet, makes the Poet glad.

Exeunt omnes.

Act the second. Scene the first.

Enter Altamont, Mervelle, Scoperta.

Altamont.

I Haue receiu'd a mandate from the Duke,
That will (I feare) increase her insolence.
Like an old Tyrant he bestowes his threats;
As if his anger did obay his will,
Not iustice, nor the Lawes.

Mervelle. Does your wife know
This preparation you haue made to cure
Her haughtinesse?

Altamont. All is discoverd to
Her care: the newes hath taught her boyle her heart
In her owne blood. She now weepes vineger,
Boasts of reuenge, as if the Thunder were
Her owne.

Mervelle. T'were fit your pretty Agent heere,
Receiu'd instructions how to shape her garbe
And port, iust as th'impoyment doth require.

Altamont. Her knowledge is already satisf'd:
Alto's threats shall onely mooue her scorne.

Scoperta. I will performe my best in your behalfe;
But I doe feare I am not valiant Sir.

Enter Nicolo.

Altamont. O, you! that call your sinnes your duty, that

The iust Italian.

Obay your Ladies riots out o' zeale! ———

Niente. Signior! ———

Altamont. Her honours spittle you preferue
As a Restorative for your salt itch

Niente. I beseech ye ———

Altamont. You thrid in Bracelets too,
The Pearles that drop from her authenticke nose,

Niente. What meane you Sir?

Altamont. To cleaue you from the scalpe
Vnto the twill: to make nine skittles of
Your bones, and winde your heratstrings 'bout my thumbe—

Niente. O mercy Sir! So rotten are my Limmes
That when you stretch your Cheekes and blow on me,
I frait am scatter'd into sand ———

Altamont. Coward!

Creepe frait into my Houreglasse then, and there
Eternally distinguish fatall time ——— *Enter Altea.*

Altea. What slaue disturbs the quiet of my Eare?

Niente steps behinde her.

Niente. Nere looke Sir! I serue my Lady, and I
Doe (scorne to yeeld ———

Altamont. Dye brittle Porcupine? ———

Niente. Take heed! ——— I haue the mallady of France ———

Altea. Stay *Altamont!* withdraw thy violence!
If thou disorderst but a haire, that doth
Belong to th' Eyebrow of my meanest Groome,
I will proclaime my superiortie
And rule i'th Streets.

Altamont. Hell cannot misse thee long!

Altea. Insult beneath thy owne low Roofe! This part
O'th House doth call me foueraigne

She spies Scoperta, and comes nere her.

Altamont. Retire!

Altea. Is that the Preece you haue so magnifi'd,
She you boast of for your pastime Royall?

Altamont. She clips the grey and shiner'd wings of Time
to make him flow, that our imbraces like

Succeeding

The iust Italian.

Succeeding minutes then, may adde vnto
Their length. Let me ingender on thy lips——

Scoperta. So our progeny may still be kisses——

Alamont. A meeke and gentle heate, whilst thus we bill
We imitate the sober lust of Doves——

Scoperta. That kisse (Sir) was so powerfull and moist,
That you hate robd my Lips of all their wealth!

Alamont. Take backe thy wealth againe! ——

Alteza. Are ye so hot? ——

Alamont. Thy Lips are thin and lanke (*Alteza*) as
The Lids that close thine Eyes. Hers gently swell
Like Easterne fruit, and are more soft then is
The Beccy Aire that clothes the Infant Morne,

Alteza. Pray a word! Is there in this Pagentry
Ought like to truth? Discouer your intent!

Alamont. I'll make my anger equall vnto thine,
And my reuenge aboue them both. This bright
Auspicious Maid shall gouerne in my bed.
She is my Concubine: the Offspring of
Her wombe shall triumph heere, maugre thy sight:
Whilst enuie does consume thy flesh vtill
Thy bodie lighter grow then thy loose mind.

Alteza. How well my Starres behaue their influence?

Alamont. *Mervollo*, goe to my Mistresse guide vnto
Those lodgings that oreuiue the Garden mount.

Scoperta. If you retard your presence whilst the Sunne
(In's race) fill vp one Howre, you'll find before
Your next reuiue, that griefe hath made me old,
And I shall looke more like a Matron then
A Bride; so much your absence mortifies.

Alamont. Thou art to euerie sense I haue, a spell.
Conduct her strait (*Mervollo*) to some Throne!

Exeunt Mervollo, Scoperta.

Alteza. Then are the vowes, the Ecclesiasticke rites
With which the zealous Priest oblig'd vs to
Peculiar heate, to abstinence from change,
And various loue, quite cancell'd by your lust!

The iust Italian.

Altamont. Accuse thy pride !

Alexa. Thou art a periur'd man !

Altamont. Goe, thou art as light as feathers, or the Aire,
were but an Attorne indiuiduall plac'd
With thee in ballance euen, t'would hoise thee vp
To th'Cloudes.

Alexa. Thy breath is fulsome as that steame
Which Toades when they ingender vaporate,

Altamont. *Alexa*, bath in penitentiall teares
Thy leprous heart, or when the Elements
Are mix'd and the sad day arises, that doomes
The world vnto eternitie of ioy,
Or paine, thou shalt (like to a glimmering Lampe)
Be hung vpon the sootie walles of Hell.

Alexa. I smile at thee, and thy thinne Arts, like to
Some homelie Village Leuite, thou doest preach
Of terrours strange, to keepe dull faith in awe:
I pray stay ; I am not angrie Sir.

Altamont. No ?

Alexa. I praetis'd all this while how t'indanger
your spleene (Sir) not my owne, which if my power
Prooue iust, I shall, performe ere long.

Niente, send the partie in——

Exit Niente.

Altamont. More wrath !

Alexa. A slow deuce (Sir) but o'my owne Braine.

Enter Sciolto.

Altamont. Who art thou ?

Sciolto. A keene Guest, inuited heere——

Altamont. To what ?

Sciolto. To taste——your wines Gammons.

Altamont. Bold slave ! be in thy speech more euidēt,

Sciolto. I am come to get your children for you.

Alexa. D'ye want a cleerer paraphrase ? He is
My seruant Sir, my Stallion if I please.

A Courtly implement, and much in vse

Among

The iust Italian.

Among Ladies of my growth and Title.

Alta. O my cold Blood! My patience will be wrought
So low, that I shall learne t'mike a Heifer.

Alteza. Since I'me so aptly furnish'd with delight,
Your Concubine may fearelesse walke about
The house, and share the wholesome Sunne in peace.

Altamont. Thy tongue I doe neglect: but you (sir) shall
Ere long complaine of your mortality:

The minutes you must waste on Earth are few.

Sciolto. This I consider Sir, and therefore make
Such haste to mingle with your wife, that the

Kinde world may haue some issue from my Loynes.

Alta. If this prooue true, let Babes pisse out my Eyes——

He drawes his sword, Sciolto bis, Alteza her stiletto.

Alteza. Hold *Altamont*, or else I wound thy heart——

Sciolto. If you aduance one inch beyond that rust,
I'll amble through the Streets, and blow your Dirge
With the great Horne that growes vpon your Brow.

Altamont. If there be Gall in Heauen, the gen'ral Bagge
Is opned, and it falls in Showres!

Sciolto. Slight Sir,
I come t'ease the labour of your Body;

And you want courtship to returne me thanks.

Alteza. Hang him Ingrate!

Sciolto. But what hereafter I
Performe, shall be for your good Ladies sake,
And not for yours.

Altamont. Pray (sir) let's interchange
A little breath: withall (if you consent)
We'll put our Swords to a more quiet vse——

Sciolto. Now Sir, you powre sweet Cassia in my Broath:
My Blood affects to skirmish more
With Ladies then with men. What would you speake?

Altamont. My true opinion sir concerning you,
I know you doe but countrefeit this lust,
This lawlesse heate: You purpose not t'abuse
the Charter of my Bed;

Sciolto.

The iust Italian.

Scialto. Who told ye so?

Altamont. I read it in your noble feature and
Your lookes. You haue Religion in your shape,
And can it be, you should so soone commit a crime
So much vnwholsome to the Angels sight?
Let me now make a forfeiture of Eyes,
If euer I beheld a man that's more oblig'd
To Nature for his Limmes: A carnall frame
So full of equall strength I neuer saw.

Scialto. The better shap'd I am (Sir) the more cause
You'll find, to loue the Issue I shall get
Vpon your wife.

Altamont. Doe not belie thy owne
True merits and comport! Th'adulterate fire
Did nere inflame thy sober heart, I know
Thou scornst to do't.

Scialto. Nor I beleuee it Sir!
Sir I will doe't. Is your Lady fruitfull?
I would be loath t'loose my labour on her?

Altamont. Pestilence! and blood!

He drawes, and they as before.

Alteza. Fling a danger from
Thy arme, I'll summon strait (with Trumpet and
with Drumme) the world to heare thy infamie—

Scialto. O sic! You an Italian Sir, and thus
Behaue the knowledge of disgrace with lowd
And popular dislike?

Alteza. Nay it becomes
You finelie, does it not?

Scialto. You thinke because
Y'are curs'd, we'll allow you short Hornes: I'll graft
Vpon your head a paire so tall, they shall
Goe neere to prick the verie Planet (Sir)
Thet rul'd at your natiuitie.

Alteza. He sleeps.

Scialto. Signior, goe! take downe a Cushion, and pray
You cannot choose but know the frailty of

The iust Italian.

The times: the surfeits of the wombe, and how
Great Ladies doe relieue their Appetites.
Your owne confession of my parts commends
Your wife in her sage choice. There be that sinne
With feeble vsuers and the witherd Dwarfie.

Alteza. He wants a iudgement to consider this.

Sciolto. I merit better looks Sir, that must thrash
All night for ye, and without wages Sir!

Alteza. Dead as a monument! Let vs leaue him! —

Sciolto. Had he the Deuill for a Physician chose,
He could nere haue come by the like Cordiall. —

Enter Sciolto, Alteza.

Alteza. You swelling mountains (that oreuiew the Earth)
Fall now, make me eternally vnseene!
Philosophie contract thy meeke sage brow:
Let Patience be no more thy Sainr. As soone
Grued medicines to the dead, teach statues how
To walke, and angry windes to sleepe i'th North.
As soone bid eropic Lions play with Kids;
And to the shaggie Scythian say, Goe weepe
As Virgines doe, when they their Loues interre:
The blind and shuffled Elements that first
In Chaos stroue, were not so opposite
As this Religious frost vnto my heate.
Patience, thou art more fond then teeming wifes,
Tamer then sleepe! Diuinitie which calls
Our anger sinne, and courage pride, hath sent
This lilie Cherubine on Earth, Patience,
(The Cowards sword) which onlie doth disarm
Dull sleepe, that neither can nor would doe harme. *Exit.*

Enter Sciolto, Alteza, Nicolo.

Sciolto. Florence knowes me well: I'm call'd *Sciolto*;

Alteza. I needs must sing my vsuers praise: he made
A most discrete election of a man.

Sciolto. Your mercie and your kindnesse (Lady) thus
D
Aduance

The iust Italian.

Advanee my shape; your pleasure was I should
despise your husbands frownes; and I behau'd
My selfe with terrour masculine: but now
We are peculiar and referu'd, I know
Humilitie, a soft and quiet garbe;
A distance that shall well become the state
So eminent and rich a beauty claimes.

Alieza. Sir, that we doe expect, and then you shall
Oretake our noble Sense, with newer loue.
Our husband is a trifle, such as can
No way disturbe your peace or safetie heere.

Sciolto. Madam, store me with armes and weapons to
Resist his personall assault, and I
Shall need no more protection then my selfe.

Alieza. Actiue and bold! *Niente* thou hast made
A choice out-parallels the world.

Niente. Madam,
See his horse vaines: th'are large as Conduir pipes;
His Sinnews are like Cables.

Sciolto. Las! not mine!
Tis true, that if I like my Opposite,
I haue a trick to giue an easie fall,
And stand to't stifiy too when I ha'done—

Niente. I will assure your Ladiship, the Bawdes
Giue him good report.

Alieza. Doe they *Niente*?

Niente. He's great with Ladies of all ages, all
Degrees.

Sciolto. Excuse me Sir, th'are great by me!

Alieza. As how Sir?

Sciolto. Madam——They are all wi'child!

Alieza. How Signior? Is your appetite so strong?

Sciolto. Blame the humorous Planets that oerule
The blood. Ere yet this present Month expires,
(Let's see——I,) Some three and forty Ladies
(Or there about) will quicken with male Twinner.

Alieza. All of your begetting?

Sciolto.

The iust Italian.

Sciolto. So wise Fame sings.

I will make bold to gather my first fruits— *Goes to kisse her.*

Alteza. Stay my pregnant Signior! Our loue is not
Yet ripe: there is a larger distance too
Belongs vnto our Lips.

Sciolto. How deare Lady?

Alteza. I am too proud to haue my fauours soone
and easilie conferr'd. Such smiles are cheape.
I meane to procreate by prescription Sir,
Make my lust as physicall as my meales.

Sciolto. Death, I'm Sutor vnto *Gallens* widdow!
Madam, I know it not becomes the high
Demeanure of your birth to dance (iust like
A Kid) to th'musicke of each wind that blowes.
Ere you admit of dalliance I should vse
Some industry of Tongue, and flexure of
the pliant Ioints, to court and wooe consent:

Alteza. And can your rudenesse couet then where your
Safe wit and knowledge warnes your abstinence?

Sciolto. Only a little t'recreate the Chine——

Alteza. Keepe backe, if you'le continue life. When I
Am pleas'd to be delighted Sir, I can
command the function of your Limmes,

Charintha within. Madam!

Alteza. Sister, I come. Throw him to his chamber——

Sciolto. Hast no good booke, whose comfortable vse
may fill th'expende of time?

Alteza. What would you read?

Sciolto. Any, o'th Moderns. *Rablays* i'th praise of
Midwiues. *Aretine* on copulation:
Or th'Odes of *Theophile* vnto his whore.

Alteza. My Vsher in my closet can appoint
Your choice of these.

Sciolto. Thinke on the frailtie of
The flesh; and be not long vnmercifull——

Charintha within. Sister! Madam!

Alteza. Away, I come, I come. *Exeunt Niente, Sciolto*

The iust Italian.

Enter Charintha, Besognia.

Charintha. The Millaine Count (my Sutor) is arriv'd.

Alteza. Signior Dandolo! Why 'tis yet a month
Ere he should meet your expectation heere.

Besognia. Tis he Madam, and such a he as must
Be onely likened to himselfe.

Charintha. More rich,
And gaudie then the East. So lib'rall too,
That you would thinke he Natures Steward were,
He giues amongst my slaues, as if vnto
Embassadours he did cast Donatiues.

Alteza. Milke him (my *Charintha*) oft I haue preach'd
Vnto thine Eare a fou'raintie ore man.

Take all he giues, it's princely fashion now.

Could but thy acceptation begger him,

Thy little wit were euer magnif'd.

Charintha. You know I am o'th'wits, I haue bin sworne
To begger Sutors, and iecre my husband.

Enter Florello in rich habit. Resa, Molard,
disisted like his seruants.

Florello. Which is the Ladie that I come to wooe?

Charintha. My name's *Charintha*—

Florello. Present me thy Lips!

I say aduance—

Alteza. You are not vnderstood—

He kisses Charintha, then giues her a Jewell.

Charintha. My Lord, I scarcely owne desert enough
T'intice this Jewell from your Cabinet.

Flor. A Stone, a Stone? the thing grows, I'ue enow—

Alteza. So free? I am *Charintha's* Sister Sir—

Florello. It may be so. A fine house, fine Towne too!

Were Florence mine, I would not give it for

The best winter Seate my father left me.

Alteza. Tis Sir, th'ambition of my houe, that you
Would know me for *Charintha's* Sister!—

Florello.

The iust Italian.

Florello. I shall. *Rossa*, remember it!

Rossa. My Lord!

Florello. I must know her for *Charintha's* Sister.

Charintha. Is there no trick in ceremonie Sir,

To give your memorie a better hint?

Florello. Kisse none but thee! A device 't' blood! but

Princes haue one toy or other still, 't' make

Their descent knowne. — There, a Diamond that,

And that a Ruby. — *Giusta Aliza.*

Aliza. What meanes your Lordship?

Florello. Th'are none of mine. I haue enow, weare'em —

Aliza. Your Lordship binds my great acknowledgement,

't' pleasure of a winke, he'll giue away

An Empire.

Besogna. I'm *Charintha's* woman Sir —

Florello. Who can helpe it? Mistressle, wilt thou nor bid

My seruants welcome? Th'are rich Choughs, th'au' store

Of Villages, and plough'd Earth.

Charintha. Their iudgement is

So kind (Sir) as to know they may command

The house.

Rossa, Molard. We thanke your Lordship.

Florello. This is my Paraisie, and this my Pimpe,

I'ue a Foole, a Dwarf too at home. I made

My iaunt too early by a month, or else

My Traine had beene enlarg'd.

Aliza. Th'are rarely fix'd,

If they import as much as you denominate.

Florello. I keepe my parasite to cure the dull

Melancholy of State. He does admire

My wit and Beard. He sayes I cannot sinne.

Princes would still be sad but for such wormes.

Aliza. But how (Sir) does your Pimpe adhere to vs?

Florello. He is as pertinent to Lords as lust.

My Foole I keepe to laugh at me. My Dwarf

Is for my wife. I doe intend she shall

Affect the Court, and then she'll quickly learne.

The iust Italian.

To make the Toy vsfull.

Charintha. My Lord, be pleas'd
To walke, and vseth'aduantage of the Aire:

Florello. I'ue Instruments distinct, that take a charge
O'th seuerall quarters of my Frame, My Dwarf
Doth dreisse me vp vnto the knees, and when
His stature leaues his reach, young Virgines then
(Th'illne of decay'd Barons) do beginne
And gouerne to the Navell. Whilft vpwards
Barbars, Painters, and Parasites are vs'd.

Charin. But will your Lordship walke and see the spring?
We haue a Garden where it euer dwels.

Florello. And shall we be delighted and entranc'd?

Charintha. We'le sacrifice the vtmost of our wealth
And loue, t'expresse your welcome Sir.

Florello. Wilt' faith.

There's a Saphyre Chaine: Tie thy Monkie in't—
Take it; for by this hand I am in haste
And cannot offer twice.

Befognia. If you should chance
(My honourd Lord) to drop those trifles heere,
I would be mannerly, and reach'm vp.

Florello. I will giue thee a Bushell of Seed-Pearle
To imbroider thy Petticoate.

Charintha. This way—

Rossa. Your Lordship hath forgot to leaue notice for
Those Princes in disguise that shall by chance
Demand ye at the gate:

Altoza. Who does he meane?

Florello. A leash of Germane Dukes that walke in Rugge.
I should consult with'em'bout subuersion
Of a State of two; but I'm not yet at
Leasure.

Altoza. My Lord, they shall be answerd so,

Rossa. Your hypocrisie wants a little Art.

Molard. Your bounty will impouersish vs too soone.

Florello. Ye both doe lie, I weaue my cunning close.

Fortune,

The iust Italian.

Fortune, redeeme the credit of thy Eyes,
Thou wilt (if thou art partiall now and kind)
But winke on me, though to the world thou art blind.

Exeunt omnes.

Act the third. Scene the first.

*Enter Altamont, Mervelle. Sciolto
at the other doore.*

Altamont.

This is the truth, therefore consider now
my Fate, Hah! *Sciolto!*
Mervelle. What makes he there.

Altamont. Tis *Sciolto*, the brute Adulterer,
He whom I lately mention'd in my speech.
A slave more salt then is the Balticke ware,
More hot then hell, a Saryre or a Goate.

Sciolto. And shall be still so (Sir) vnlesse your wife
Dismiss her pride, and vouchsafe to coole me.

Alta. Devils and death, I'm murderd through the Eare—

He drawes, Sciolto pulls fourth a case of Pistols,

Sciolto. Take discipline awhile, Know if there be
A boisterous motion vsd, I haue for each
Of you a round Synamon Plumbe, and they
Shall enter your nice stomacks the wrong way—

Altamont. Though thou wert hardy as the Lions race,
And arm'd with all th' Artillery on Earth,
I durst assault thee as I am; but so
I cannot satisfie Reuenge—

Mervelle, Sciolto, now my memory begins
To know you better: for your riots bold
And lowd demeanure in this City hath
Beene long obser'd. I wonder much y'employ
Your precious minutes in a course so vile.

Sciolto. What, as to copulate and increafe kind?

The iust Italian.

It has beene a vocation euer since

The Sunne spi'd man thus crawling on the Earth ———

Mervelle. But what excuse canst thou in honour vrges,

for wearing such aduantageous defence,

Against his iust and single violence?

Sciolto. I haue an odde humor, not to be kill'd.

Altamont. O *Altera*, had but my name beene hid

Beneath some fold in the voluminous

Darke booke of Fate, I might haue miss'd of my

Creation then, so I should nere haue seene

Thy face.

Sciolto. My curses (Sir) haue caus'd assault

Her more then yours: for shee has staru'd me heere

With want of naturall delight. My free

Large growth and tincture of my haire denotce,

My constimtion cannot suffer me,

To weare a surpleisse, or proceed Eunuch.

Though I should bath and swimme in Iulips Sir,

I'ue still vnruilie heate about my Chine.

Altamont. A Salamander that doth feede and clothe

Itselfe with flame, was thy Progenitor.

Sciolto. Haue I not equall reason to complaine?

In three Houres not so much as a drie kisse.

Th'old amorous Deacon that imbrac'd his Cow

Was not so destitute.

Mervelle. Five calumny!

Sciolto. A Negro might be v'sfull now, although

Sh'ad but one eye, and that fix'd on her heele!

Altamont. I'le strew vpon thy soad the teeth of Snakes,

Sciolto. Signior, presume no more vpon a fond

Easie nature. I haue beene abstinent

Too long. Hastie, and with pliant steps present.

Your wife, Or else I'le assure ye you shall seeke

Some other man to Cuckold ye for me.

Mervelle. *Sciolto*, this is barbarous!

Altamont. I'le shoot

Thy heart with needles, small as splinters of

The iust Italian.

A haire that thou mayst die, and yet not know
That thou art kild,

Sciolto. I thanke ye (Signior) but
We Florentines doe sleepe like Letuorites,
With our Eyes open: how ere, I could vouchsafe
To shoot you now, and prevent your kindnesse.

Mervolle. *Sciolto*, hold. If eyther charge doe misse,
He that suruiues, shall grinde thy marble heart,
Betweene his teeth

Sciolto. I meant not to giue fire.
There is a trick of grauiry i th state
Cald Law. Besides, you dead, the children which
I chance to get vpon your bucksome wife,
I should goe neere to keepe at my owne charge.

Altamont. *Africa* breedes no monster like to thee.

Sciolto. I lete my chamber now, and fortifie
There, I remaine (during the pleasure of
Your wife) your Tenant (Signior) in fee taylor. — *Exit.*

Altamont. It is a cunning, and promiscuous slave.
This story of *Aliza's* abstinence,
He doth but counterfet, to gull my sight.

Mervolle. Had the Diuell himselfe crept into flesh,
And vndertooke this seruice to your wife,
She had possesd, the weaker Instrument.
He hath in 's Veynes, a most intemperat blood
His valour 's so renown'd, that all the smooth,
The curl'd, and silken Nobles of the Towne,
Doe homage to his Sword, and by such Actes
As these, he glorifies his truant youth.

Altamont. Thy fayth was ielous, I seduc'd thy eare
To share vntruths: but now, thou knowst too much.

Mervolle. 'Twas my suspect of Fame, and disperlement
Of your deepe wrong, that manacled till now,
Your hands. My temp'rate Lectures cease: Obey
Reuenge, and I will follow it, vntill
My wealth, and life, are forfeited to Law.

Alia. Hah! wilt thou? O my quickened heart (entomb'd

The iust Italian.

Before within my breast) wilt thou? This, this
Then is the dirctull night, wherein I'le giue
A strict and cruell iustice to Reuenge.

Mervelle. This then is the night, wherein my bold loue
Shall merit me th'eternall name of friend.

Alt. Come sweare, sweare now (on this victorious sword)
Thou wilt obey th'iniunctions of my wrath,
And yet in personall act, not mooue, but when
My will appoints a mixture of thy strength.

Mervelle. My choice Religion, & the honors of my blood,
I heere doe payne to ratifie the vow —

Mervelle kisses the Hilt.

Altamont. Now worke my iniurd spirits, till you make
Dull sorrow rise in nimble flame. Anger,
Is blood, pow'rd, and perplex'd into a froth.
But Mallice is, the wisdome of our wrath. *Exeunt.*

*Ent. Florello, Charintha, Altea,
Ressa, Malard.*

Charintha. Your Lordships letters were of a prompt stile?

Florello. This orient Roape is yours, and you must wear't;
I sickne els, and grow a villager
In Elizium!

Charintha. Your bounty chookes my thanks!

Altea. Take it. Afflict me Fame, if ere I knew
His parallell; he woes at Neroe's rate. *Enter Refognia.*

Refognia. Madam, ther's a new *Damole*, a new
Court, lighted at the Gate, and cranes entrance.

Florello. That's rare if faith; have I a shadow walks
Without leaue of the Sunne?

Altea. A conspiracie,

Florello. Did not *Aderuelle* say, it would be a month,
Ere he aris'd?

Ressa. Be bold and meet your chances

Florello. Stand firme, and listely on your sinewes then,
Aough me still, for the true *Damole*.

Altea.

The iust Italian.

Alteza. *Charintha*, 'tis some Stratagem, but if
He Jewells bring, and in a hand as large,
And open as yon' easy Inyepes, thou hast
Ill lucke if thou constrain him not to losse.

Charintha. I'll smile no longer then these rich sparkles
Shine in my Eyes. *Enter Dandolo.*

Dandolo. The Lady that is nam'd
Charintha heere, must be reueald; for I'll
Exalt her Lippes, and make'em knowne to mine.

Flo: S'light, this is the great *Cham.* Hearke ye, Signior—
Charintha. My Lord, I pray afford him leaue to speake.

Dan. What, is that sawcy Groome? Does he sell Egges?

Florello. I'll shew ye my Trade; A poore sword-man, I—

Alteza. Sir you destroy the quiett of my Howse:
He shall haue safety heere, and leaue to speake.

Charintha. I'm call'd *Charintha* Sir; proceed to speach.

Dandolo. I'll first doe speciall grace vnto your Lip——
My Penne hath woo'd you oft; but now by stealth
Thus single I'm arui'd, a Moone before
The time I did prefix.

Charintha. I sir, the cause.

Dandolo. 'Twas Winter when I specif'd the date
Of my aproach, and then my blood was cold;
But now the spring is come, Things would couple,
These (Lady) are very sexulare Pearle——

Alteza. I sir, and in such Toyes, she much delights:
Although her modesty be loath, to make
Her fancies knowne. Would you had brought some few
To match'em.

Dandolo. Doe you affect'em Lady?

Charintha. I reioyce in all the workes of Nature!

Dandolo. I am instructed then.

Alteza. As how, deare Sir?

Dandolo. That I did ill, to leaue my Pearles behind.

Alteza. Sister this Hulke, is neither riggd, nor fraught,

Charintha. He haue no more of him, he is too costlie.

Flo. Sir a word. Methinks you looke, like raw Porke.

The iust Italian.

Dandolo. Has not this house the privilege of peace?

Florello. Ladies, this Impostor steals my Titles,
And my name, I aske leave, to punish him.

Alteza. Wee'll not protect his crimes, use your iustice.

Florello draws his Stiletto.

Florello. Vould you are an Estridge, Sir, and can
Digest Steele, coole your lungs, and calmly wayt
Tn inquiry I shall vrge.

Dandolo. Hence, and be dead!

Florello. *Molard*, reueale how long thou hast bin Pimpe,
To the family of the *Dandolos*?

Molard. About some thirty yeeres (Sir.) I've procur'd
Both time and place, for your good Fathers game,
Ere since he was capable of woman.

Rossa. He vsd the Trade (Sir) in his infancy.

Molard. I scare could walke, when I began't: the first
I brought him was my Nurse.

Florello. Canst point, at ought
He did some two and twenty yeeres agoe?

Molard. Distinctly Sir. I know that Gentleman;
He was got, on a Tripewife of *Lucca*.

Florello. O th' action of my fathers loynes!

Alteza. My lord?

Florello. I'm an old Jew at Genealogies:
This fellowes descent I know now, and where
He tooke 's creation too. By chance thus haue
I met forty of my Fathers Bastards.

Th' are po ore, and put me oft to charge. Brother,
Welcome. — *Rossa*, giue him a *Quardecus*.

Dandolo. Bid Kings winde like, and Princes measure oats.

Charin. Your trayne of Parasite, Pimpe, Foole and Dwarf, e,
Speake you at first, to be the true yong Lord.

Alteza. Yet th' other has some markes, that doe belong
Vnto a Count, oth last edition too.

Dandolo. D'you thinke y' are the Count?

Florello. I doe, thinke it, Sir.

Dandolo. Thought's free.

Alteza.

The iust Italian.

Alteza. He should be a Venetian,
By'th' wit, and policy of his courage.

Dan. Beauties, were your hands cleane, they should be kifs'd.

Florello. Bold illegitimate.

Dandolo. Sir, — you shall know,
No man ere got me, but my owne Father: *Exit.*

Florello. *Befognia* speake in my behalfe, I'll giue
Thee a Pearle then, big as a Pompeon.

Befognia. Which, when your Lordship does, Ile retorne ye
A pointed Diamond, big as a Steeple.

Alteza. Y'on thrifty counterfer, has much perplex'd
Your seruants wit.

Charintha. My Lord. Lets in, and icere.

Florello. Slow method fooles obey. To th' stars aduance
His head, who thus resists the power of Chance. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Scoperta, Sciolto.

Scoperta. Like to my Genius he doth mooue about
The house. Our soules are surely neere ally'd —

Sciolto. Cals he her, his concubine? By this hand
There's not a Prince in all the East, has such

Another. This *Altamont* still gripes'em

In the flanke; he knowes to chuse his cattell.

Be thou pleas'd, O yong and wholesome Lady!

Scoperta. The Garden (Signior) doth containe more walks,

As penstatue in shade as this. I doe

Befeech you, change your path, and leaue me heere.

Sciolto. The fumes of spicery? you must not mow —

Holdsher in his Armes.

Altamont, Meruolle, from above.

Meruolle. My vower haue promis'd you the ample truth
Of my intelligence. Behold, whom there,

Sciolto keeps in amorous whisper.

Altamont.

The iust Italian.

Altamont. Hah, *Scoperta*! Libid'nous Girle, what makes
Shewith that Horſe?

Mervolle. Shall I diſturbe their ſpeech?

Altamont. No, let'em Knit and generate; my words
Shall neuer penetrate her Eare vntill
I am reueng'd for what my Eyes haue ſcene.

Mervolle. There is a generall tainture in the Sex.

Altamont. She is proſcrib'd, I'ue fil'd her in the Liſt
With thoſe that taſte to Night a bitter fate.
Away, away. This obiect ruines all
My faculties.

Exeunt from above.

Scioto. I ligh my firſt ſalute
Was ſo intempraty perform'd. But O!
The iuſtice of my Starres! My loue is now
Reueng'd vpon my luſt. With pure chaſte flames
I Court the Miſtreiſe vnto *Altamont*;

One heere referu'd for ſinfull uſe. Stay, ſtay! —

Scoperta. If I am ſcene, my life is forfeited —

Scioto. Haſt thou not heard my vowes, whole violence
And number well might ſatiſſie ſuſpect
in wayward Kings.

Scoperta. How dare I traficke thus
For loue with thee: when thy accompts with Heauen
Are yet not cleer'd that luſt betrai'd thee to?

Scioto. With what aduice of modeſty canſt thou
Accuſe my blood; when in this Maſſion th'art
Contain'd for the like ſinne?

Scoperta. Were I well knowne
Vnto the qualitie of thy new loue,
I would reueale my ſelfe, and take from thy
Beliefe the falſe opinion of my guilt.

Scioto. If ere I pracliſe impious heate agen,
Some long armd Fiend that in the Center dwels
Reach at my foot, and pull me into flames.

Scoperta. Beare witneſſe Immortalitie and Truth
That I'm officiall heere but by pretence,
My Vaines are cold and chaſte as Northern ſnow.

Scioto.

The iust Italian.

Sciolto. Thy name, and then my do I will forsake?

Scoperta. *Scoperta* is my name. I ~~am~~ am
To *Altamont*, not Mistrisse of his lust.

Sciolto. O dire affinity! my loue is now
Allid vnto my hate. Yet *Altamont*
Nere merited my wrath. It is the wit
The policie of sinne, to hate those men
We haue abuld. When first I sp'd the grace
And lusture of thy shape; me thought I lou'd,
And my sicke heart enform'd me loue was good:

Scoperta. And you when I beheld, I said to Heauen,
O make but his immortall part like to
The Garment Nature clothes it in, and helle
Remaine a Type, from whom shall be deriud
The Prophets, and the Kings that rule the Earth.

Sciolto. Her beauties so increase; that they do make
My comprehension poore.

Scoperta. I should haue vs'd
More leasure and nice Art, when I did giue
My loue away.

Sciolto. O stay, vntill my vowes
Affoord a larger warrant of my faith——

Scoperta. Our new society must not be scene:
But if thy loue be free from carnall Arts,
(Such as the curled Youth of Italy
Doe vse) make me thy sudden stealth: Early,
(Ere the succeeding Sunne arise ith' East)
Appare beneath my Casements view, and I
Will follow thee along the spacious World.

Exit.

Sciolto. Goe noble Maid, wert thou diuided from
My reach, by Sheets of Elementall fire,
By streames of reeking blood, by purple mills
(Which Cannons in their acclamation breath)
Or winds (when met to blow each other from
The Earth) yet I would pull thee to my Heart.
False lust, I take of thee eternall leaue——

Enter

The iust Italian.

Ent. Niente, Altera.

Altera. Conuey those odors thither, and disperse
The costly smoke, about the roomē.

Niente. I shall.

Altera. Place soft and easie finger'd Lutes, behind
The Arras; voyces feminine and yong.
And spread the Cowch, with the Greene Persian Quilt.

Niente. All is prepard.

Exit.

Sciolto. For what are these designd?

Altera. I feele a slothfull grudging in my veynes,
And therefore meane to solace with a male.
Brush thy Beard, and follow me.

Sciolto. Now am I

As rascally a sinner, as euer.

Altera. Why comst thou not?

Sciolto. O Loue! A little grace.

Altera. Is not thy blood well? Kisse me *Sciolto.*

Sciolto. Shall we be wrapt in curlings intricate?

Altera. We'le haue our artificiall heates, and with our own
Panting coole vs to new, and yonger strength.

Sciolto. And shall we 'twene two shady Poplars hang
I'th Indian-Net, whose slippery closures may
Entangle vs so fast, we n'ere shall be
Vntied agen!

Altera. We'le grow as in one skin.

Sciolto. Yes, much! Not an inch.

Altera. I want thy meaning.

Sciolto. And shall my action more. It mightinesse
And state, taught me to fast from flesh; and now,
I am well pleas'd to make't perpetuall Lent.

Altera. I like this well. My Male is witty growne.

Sciolto. Goe, kneele to your husband, and beg from him
Lawfull recreation: My selfe intend
To purchase a few Beades, and turne Vorry.
She'le nere moue hence, till I'ue inrag'd her spleene.

Altera. What motiue (Sir) perswades ye, vsē me thus?

Sciolto.

The iust Italian.

Sciolto. Why——ye are not handfome.

Alteza. Trimme prodigie!

Scio. Question your Glasse! Your Face was caru'd—out of
A Blew, Cabidge; and 'tis contracted now
To one, oblique Wrinkle.

Alteza. Villaine, thou ly'st!

Sciolto. Thy agedskull in stead of haire
Oregröwne with Moss, and lookes as if 'thad binne,
A Thousand yeares entomb'd.

Alteza. Adders, and snakes.

Sciolto. Thy solitary Teeth, in distance stand
Like the decayed Arches of a Bridge.

Alteza. Better, th'adst binne vnberne.

Sciolto. Wilt not yet goe?
Thy Fingers are all crook'd, like the Tallans
Of a Griffon. Thou walkst on Cloven-feete.

Alteza. Ho! Niente.

Sciolto. Thy Bones are pil'd across
Much like the Sticks on a Coniurers fire.

Alte. Are my Groomes dead? what ho! I'll impound ye.—

Sciolto pulls out a Case of Pistolls.

Sciolto. It must not be. For with these two (of which
I meane to rob your armorie) there shall
Be passage forc'd broad enough for a Teeme
Of Southerne Elephants. Farwell Oister! — *Exit.*

Alte. Where are my Groomes, my slaues? iniurious wolfe.
Barke at my precious feature, and thus strew
My beautie ore, with infamie and dust?

Strike my Greene youth, with Epethites of age!
My Altamont nere vs'd me thus. He oft

Compard me to the Starres, in'Eies t' Easterne light,
When day smiles at her birth. O! I could curse

The giddie iudgement of my blood, that thus
Seduc'd me to forsake that Saint, and mix

My knowledge with this Deuill. He's fled too,
Vntouch'd by my reuenge. *Niente, ho!* *Enter Altamont.*

Alte. 'Tis *Alteza*, I know her sinfull voice, — *(She kneeles.)*

The iust Italian.

Alteza. O Sir, if anguish, or distresse, can make,
An humble heart, behold your Lady now,
That shortens thus, her stature, at your feet.

Altamont. What may this fore'd humillitie portend?

Alteza. *Sciolto* (cruell as the windes in March)
Hath strooke, my womanhood, with tyranie,
And scorne. Can Fate present so large a test,
Of your true loue, (both to your selfe, and me)
As that you minister reuenge vpon
His Life. Goe, and salute his recreant Heart
With your bright Steele, and then obedience claime
Replete with fonde Idolatrie, and loue.

Altamont. The Fiends are surelie married too; for there's
Noe torment like a Wife! false *Alteza.*

Alteza. So ill I merit charitie: that all
My passions argue cunning and pretence.
This is a wise hypocrisie, to hide
Thy lust, or snare me in some guilt, whereby
The Duke may claime my life, and thou receiue
More quiet space, t'ioy *Sciolto's* limmes.

Alteza. Those angrie spirits that reside below,
In flaming Ovens, are not more cruell in
Their enuie, then am I in hate to him.

Altamont. So soone, dost sleepe him in thy gall, whom thou
Hast wash't with warme distilments of thy heart.

Alteza. If ere I knew him, with more guilt, then what
My wishes and my thoughts containd; let wrath
Then make me her experiment, to trie
How much of paine, mortalitie can beare.

Altamont. Thy periur'd attestations cease, for though
The howres are few, since first you did conferre,
Yet you had both the pregnant thrust, to make
The time aduantagious to sinne.

Alteza. Expresse,
Some mercie in your faith, and heare me speake.

Altamont. Keepe thy deniall 'twene thy blisterd lippes.
I futterd' thou art dead.

Alteza.

The iust Italian.

Alteza. Loue is no more.

Alta. Dost weepe? I sooner thought t'haue scene the Flint
Supple as Sponge; th'obdurate Diamond melt
At the Glow-wormes pale eie.

Alteza. How hath the pride
Of Courts misse-led my youth, that you should thinke
I'ue lost, all tender complements of grace?

Alta. Thou wert a Virgin sweet, so precious in
Thy frame, that with the cordage of thy haire
Thou mightst haue fetterd Kings. Thy voice has marr'd
The beauties of the night. When thou didst sing
The quiet stars, would fall asleepe and winke.
Thou art all discord now: thy glorie's darke;
Thy thinnē, and Rosiall blood, is turn'd to Inke.

Alteza. I haue outliu'd the helpe of penitence,
And benefit of hope.

Altamont. Oft haue I sai'd
Let's leaue the false, the buisie world and sleepe
Beneath our vine; Nature (not cunning) then,
Augments our wealth; the dew of heauen is cheape,
Nor need we pay for 'th Sunnes warme light. If kinde
Diuinitie allow reach humane soule
A starre; our issue w'le increase, vntill
The bright and numerous throng be all implo'd.

Alteza. But I am sterill as a wilderness,
My name, is sicknesse to your memorie.

Altamont. Witnesse you silent powers, the crime is not
Deriu'd from me. T'explaine my innocence,
Know, she that heere I hous'd, t'affront thy pride,
Was my chaste sister, not my Concubine.

Alteza. Then you are loiall still, t'oth Mariage vow.

Altamont. But, she treads the slimie path. *Scoperta,*
Is now thy Riual in *Scioltos* lust.

Alteza. All springs from the ambition of my guilt.

Altamont. Although thy penitence be rash, it doth
Become thee well, and thou hast quire disfolu'd
The stonie corners of my heart. This night

The iust Italian.

I purposed thee a cruell death, but now
Rise, and continue mortall still——I'll lay
My mercy on thy Lip, and for it take
My last farewell——. I'll neuer see thee more.

Alteza. This is a mercy that confounds the will
And strength of all my gratitude. O sad
Decree. You haue diuorc'd me from your Eyes.

Alia. Two neighboring Lillies whom rude winds disperse
Mongst restlesse dust, may sooner meet vpon
Their stalkes agen, and kisse each other in
A second growth, then we our loues renew.

Alteza. Take heede (Sir) how you prophecy? For my
Humilitie with moist contrition ioyn'd,
May hope to wash my leprous staines away.

Altamont. O no! my iealousie is growne so sicke, that my
Suspect enformes me, it will nere be cur'd,

Alteza. I creepe thus to my Toombe, indebted for
Your loue, till all the drowisie world shall rise
To generall Accompts; and then my want
Of earlier gratitude will make my Debt
A sinne.

Altamont. O triuiall propertie of life!
Some doe attend the mighty warre, and make
Diuinitie their yoke, till for the sport
Of Kings th'augment the number of the dead.
Some walke in slipprie paths of Court, and feede
On silent smiles; the grauidie of mirth.

Some trauaile in the search of humane Arts,
But knowledg is refer'd: She sits so high
In Cloudes, we cannot reach her with our Eye;
Or if with patient steps we to her climbe,
Death sayes we cannot reach her with our time.
For witherd age ariues, when numbring on
Our griefs not yeeres; the tedious space of life
We strait accuse. For life is like the spanne
Forc'd from a gowtie hand, which, as it gaines
Extent, and a tiue length, the more it paines.

The iust Italian.

Act the fourth. Scene the first.

Enter Dandolo, Besogna, Stoccata, Panto.

Dandolo.

MY journey was by stealth, else I had brought
With these, Legions of Dukes to speake my birth.

Besogna. My Lady ginst'enquire (Sir) after sleepe,
For it growes late.

Dandolo. My corporall method
I will disorder, ere I le misse her view.

This British Groate is thine, traficke for Pinnes.

Besogna. Make the Deuill your Factor; Ther's a Stocke
To set vp with.

Fling it agen. Exit.

Dandolo. No bribes I am belou'd.

Enter Florello, Rossa, Molard.

Florello. Brother, I wish you would auoid my haunts.

Tis not for my credit, nor yet for our
Dead fathers, thus to make your person knowne,
Being y'are illegitimate begot,
By the motion of the cuill Spirit.

I. Goe, let that fellow die.

Sto. ad. Why, let him Sir.

Panto. Were we his heires, w'had cause to hasten his
Decease.

Florello. D'ye walke like *Neptune* in a maske,
Attended on by two o'th calme Windes?

Dandolo. Th'are Nobles of a supream race. This is
Stoccata call'd, and that *Panto*. They both
Are come to warrant my creation good
Vpon the Gauntlet of a Giant or a Whale.

Flo. Maintaine your birth.—Were you my fathers Bawdes?

The iust Italian.

Staccata. Alas, you are young (Sir) you know not vs !
We cannot swell and rant like things that would
Be rather heard then felt : but we can thrust
Our Whineards home, with ioy and quiet too.

Punto. Sweet heart, you are not read i'th rudiments
Of wrath. You shall perceiue some that are lowd
And actiue with their Lungs ; Courage in them
You may suspect : but when you see a coole
And silent anger like to ours, then keepe
Your wandring hands at home. Soft Sir, beware ?

Staccata. Stay, woo't thou kill him (*Punto*) or shall I ?

Punto. I'ue buisnesse now of a more serious garbe,
Dispatch him thy selfe. Earlie to morrow
I'll doe as much for thee on the two 'Zwits,

Florello. D'ye make no more o'th Infants o'the Earth ? —

Staccata. Fie Sir. Draw your weapon in a Ladies
Chamber ? You still displaie a courage ill
Brought vp, most vailie nurrurd (Sir) belceue't.

Punto. Forbid it Heauen, but you should haue free space
T'employ your best strength in your defence.
But Sir, 'tis sober pariance makes vs safe.
If now on eithers Haunch you did conferre
A kicke, our secret wisedome would direct
Vs how to beare it for the time, and in
Our owne aduantage too.

Florello. Is't possible ?

Staccata. Heare Sir th'advice of an old shot. I'ue hit
The marke more then once in my time, and cam'd
Many a mad Boy too. If either of's
Vouchsafe to greeete ye with a hand or foot,
Take it, and be thankfull : lest by returne
Of wrath, worse doe ensue.

Florello. Not I belceue't.

Punto. He's young, *Staccata*, carue him gentlie vp ! —

Florello. They take me for a Capon. What Weapons
Fight ye with, Demiculuering or Drake ?

Staccata. Steele of Toledo is all we manage —

Florello.

The iust Italian.

Florello. What then remains but *Rossa* and *Molard*,
Assault you two, I, my bastard Brother——

Rossa. Come Sir,——

Molard. We'll ierke you with our iron Rods——

Stoc. Keepe your sword warme, it longs to the scabbard——

Punto. O Sir, your vallor still imports some want
Of a discreet and temperate breeding.

Dandolo. Tumultuous fights the vestments marre.

Enter Charintha, Besognia.

Charintha. His bountie nere will giue me cause t'aduaunce
My wit: hegtowes much troublesome.

Dandolo. Lady! behold two Worthies here; Dragons
In fight. They come to preach my birth.
Th'are knowne to Fame.

Florello. Fame blew'em from her Breech!

Dandolo. I say th'are Potentates; and they doe awe——

Florello. The Chrysome Babe.

Punto. Signior, you still forget

The quiet and the courteous wayes of spleene.

Florello. I will trie your polliticke patience Sir — *kick'em.*

Punto. You see we still are calme——

Stoccata. He has but thinne

Philosophie that cannot suffer this——

Charintha. Von marmalet Count deserues as much too.

Dandolo. I doe oppugne the motion with my scorne,

Florello. D'yescorne (Sir) to be kick'd?

Dandolo. Pardon me Sir!

I say't alowd; The proudest wight on Earth
Shall not kicke me, excepting your deare selfe.

Enter Niente.

Niente. I haue priuacies (Madam) for your Eare! ——

Florello. You, and your fierce Champions strait remoue;
Craule hence, and be not visible agen:

Punto. Enhance our pay, we'll kill him in the darke.

Dandolo. Agreed, Six Duckats you shall number more.

Exeunt Dandolo, Stoccata Punto.

Niente

The iust Italian.

Niente. The neighbours say, fortie Seriants waite his
Departure hence, who giue him a new name.

Charintha. Hah! What doe they call him?

Niente. *Florello*, and

Report him brother vnto *Altamont*.

Charintha. My Eies are insom'd, Two Faces more allid
In all deuotes of view I haue not seene.

The younger brother vnto *Altamont*,

Fantasticke too as Winds, and sillier then

A silenc'd Priest. Fate had much preferd me.

Besognia. Madam, it must be he: I'ue taore a strict
Suruay of's Nose, 'tis so like *Altamont*,

Charintha. He is already so exhaust, that his

Wife bountie can no more be Argument

For wit: And now to haue this plea for his

Dismission is about my ioy. Signior! —

Florello. Sweet Loue, I haue beene bold to giue away

One or two of thy Farmes to these my Foll'wers,

They are kinde wretches both, and loue thee well.

Charintha. Indeed?

Florello. Yes saith, They bid me rather then
Thou shouldst thus pine for loue to marrie thee.

Charintha. Stand off! More distant yet.

Florello. Wouldst view my Limmes? —

Charintha. When you doe make your Christianitie
More knowne, you must be call'd *Florello*.

Florello. Hah!

Charintha. Fortie blew Fiends wait to arrest you in
Your passage home.

Florello. Madam, I am traduc'd.

Charintha. Could your abusive Arts make choice of none
But me? Be sure this visit is your last.

Florello. I must not, dare not, leaue ye, till I'ue cleerd
The errors in this callumnie —

Charintha. Returne,

Or you affront my power, and I shall thinke
Your loue, is, as your person, counterfeit.

The iust Italian.

The strength of all my Charitie affoord
You but this Key, which in my Orchard Gate
You may employ, and free you from th' Arrest.
Besognia, I'll to bed. ———

Exeunt Nunta, Charintio, Besognia.

*Florella, Rossa, Molard looke ghosly
awhile at one another.*

Florella. A sober truth.

Summes I ow'd when I imbark'd for *Pisa*. ———

Rossa. Now shall I, like a melancholic worme,
Feede on raw Rootes. ———

Molard. Sing Canticles of woe!
I must e'en goe tagge points in a Garret. ———

Florella. This Key, with rescue o'th' young Rapiers of
The Law will bring vs home.

Rossa. No moneis Sir?

Florella. Faith we must all disrobe, our Vestments old
Stitch on agen, and mortgage these to raise
A Summe that may assist my libertie.

Molard. Creepe in our Rags of Tiader, in our thinne
And dustie websagen.

Rossa. I feele a heard
Of small cattell graze on my left shoulder. ———

Florella. O my forward bountie! There's but sicke hope
My Jewels will returne; since custome shewes,
What Ladies thus from ther dull Surors get
They doe preferue as Tribute to their wit.

Exeunt omnes.

Scoperta, and her Woman under a Canopy.

Woman. The longer moitie of the Night's vaspent.

Scoperta. Since time grew old, he slowly findes his steps
I'th darke: by day he swifter moues. Get thee
To bed; The Casements of thine Eyes are shut;

G

Imprisoning

The iust Italian.

Imprisoning their deare Light.

Woman. Madam, good night.

Exit.

Scoperta. Come my *Scioto*, and confirme the vertue of
Thy faith; or I disperse my Soule in Sighs,
And make this Chaire my easie monument.

Roads.

Enter Altamont, Mernolle.

Mernolle. All are departed that to *Charintha*
Made visit: Your Seruants haue begunne
Their sleepe, and Guards are plac'd vpon the Gates.

Altamont. Are my bold Instruments in ambush laid,
And scatter'd for the best aduantage of
Their conceal'd action, and their view?

Mernolle. They are.

Altamont. Expect me then beneath the Garden Mount.

Exit Mernolle.

*Altamont steals to Scoperta, and shews her
his Armes besmeard with blood.*

Scoperta. You swelling-Cloudes choake my afflicted sight?

Altamont. The Starres like scatterd embers fall. The Teares
Of men doe meete in Seas, and Seas orewhelme
The Earth. Th'amazed Heards howle to the Sunne
For helpe; whose Beames sucke moisture vp, till he
Hath made the flood his draught, but vomits all
In Showres agen; such as *Dencalion* saw!

Scoperta. Nature (it seemes) is frighted from her health.

Altamont. Behold my Corall hands, they seeme to blush
With guilt of humane sacrifice. Me thinkes
I looke like to a *Memphian* Priest, that had
Dissection made of *Hecatombs* appeale
Their false Diuinitie. *Altoza's* dead.

Scoperta. I want pretence to sooth my faith: Els I
Would hope your hands depriv'd her not of breath?

Alto. Fathers that feed on Sonnes, and Sonnes that drinke]
Their mothers blood, reach not that cruelty

Which

The iust Italian.

Which her sterne guilt did throw into my Breast

Scop. May some kinde Saint, weepe o're your Soule vntill
With holy dew, he wash this sinne away.

Alarcont. Thou dost mis-spend thy vestall charitie.
I'th solitary age of Night I come,
To finde thoe Angells that haue businesse now
On Earth, in Synod heere with thee: hoping
I shall receiue reward for my iust Act.

Scoperta. The howers that gaue her opportunitie
To erre, were knowne so few, that my belife
Concludes her guiltlesse of the actuall sinne.

Alarcont. Before the hindmost part of her vex'd Soule
Forsooke her thrilling Lipps, she did confesse,
Sciolto had perform'd all circumstance
That doth ingender Man. *Sciolto* too,
Confirm'd her attestation as a truth.

Scoperta. Be deafe (sweete heauen) to this. Did *Sciolto*
Iterate her foule speech?

Alarcont. He did, which I,
Ore hear'd, and forc'd a passage to his Heart.
From its warme Throane, I snatch'd the aking Lumps;
And threw it straight vnto a hungry Fiend.

Scoperta. Is he dead too? The Genius of the world
Is sicke, all Formes must cease,

Alarcont. Dost weepe for him?

Scoperta. O Sir, should I reſtraine the flux, my Eies
Would drop from their loose Stringes instead of Teares!

Alarcont. This obſequie, doth make Compassion sinne!

Scoperta. O *Sciolto*, Art thou ſo early ſied,
To taſt eternitie, and vnknownefate.

Alarcont. Seint thy hoarſe Dirge, pernicious Whore. I had
Some hope, the interuiew that you inioy'd
Might be enforc'd by his vnruly ſtrength:
But now, I finde it was with thy conſent
Procur'd. Y'haue ſtruggled in each others luſt.
All now is euident as light.

Scoperta. I bring

The iust Italian.

My innocence, to th'cleere suruay of Heauen.

Altamont. Though dull, to Men of harsh, strict discipline;
Yet know, I haue some cunning in my rage.
I came to fright this secret from thy Heart:
My Hands I did not bath in humane blood,
Alieza, and *Sciolto* are aliue.

Scio. This ioy will make my Heart dance in my Breast. —

Alta. Sinke into th'Earth, where sorrow dwells. Ere yon —
Dimme Morne shall adde one Howre vnto her Age,
Sciolto Sowle shall take a doubtfull flight:
It only stai'd to mingle company
With thine. My anger was so iust, I Would
Not prosecute thy life, vntill my doubts
Were cleer'd. Goe, goe, and number o're thy Beades.

Scoperta. Is there in all your vaines, no drop (vnmix'd
With Gaule) that from our Mother is deriu'd,
And so may tempt compassion from your Breast?

Altamont. *Alieza* mournes, as if rexpate
A Nation with her griefe. Hadst thou reucaled
Such penitence, it might haue softened my
Decree. But thou art sowre and sterne of Soule.

Scoperta. No mercie, for our Noble Mothers sake?

Altamont. My Mother when she lay, a cold paterne for
The figure on her Toombe, spent her last breath
In praise of thee. Quoth she, For my sake vse
Thy Sister well: th acquaintance that she hath
In Heauen is great. I th blossome of her growth
She shall ore come the Eies of men, and in
Her Age, she shall haue skill in Prophecie.
But O false lore! Our Mother kind, (whom I
A Sybill held) thou now hast proou'd a Witch.

Scoperta. I am too weake to force from your belife
Mistakes so strong.

Altamont. Goe pray, the Howres are swift:
I'ue purpos'd thee a prisoner heere till my
Returne. — This is a sicklie Rhume, and not
Compunction in my Eyes. —

Scoperta.

The iust Italian.

Scoperta. The last of all
My merits shall be call'd obedience to
Your will: If you doe owe a kindnesse to
Your selfe; thinke on Religion and the Lawes. *Exit.*

Altament. Nature doe thou direct my spleene. The Lawes
Are sinfullie contriu'd. Iustice should weigh
The present crime; not future inforence
On Deedes. But now they cheapen blood: 'tis spilt
To punish the example, not the guilt.
Religion too, on our Italian Earth,
Growes like the Cedar big and high; but yeelds
No fruit. The abiect race of men she doth
Confound with hope, and bids them not obey,
T'augment humilitie, but her owne sway! *Exit.*

Enter Mernolle, Sciolto, and three Mutes.

Mernolle. Your strength does but intangle ye the more;

Sciolto. I'll not be trust'd (Sir) like a Pullet thus——

Mernolle. Leane nothing that can minister defence.
Disarme him of his Pinnea.

Sciolto. Pare my nailes too.——

Mernolle. You shall be anger'd strait, till you bestow
The time to bite 'em off. Soone as we spi'd
You scaling ore the Orchard wall; we guell'd
The hopes of your visit. There haue beene snares
Laid for your feet, ere since you left the House.——

*Exeunt Mernolle, Mutes, having rifled him
of his Pistols and his sword.*

Sciolto. There is some danger in this chance, my dull
Heart beates with slow, and ominous leaseure.——

Scoperta from her windore.

Scoperta. Pale Planet shine! It must be he. My Eares
Perswade me they oretooke his voice. Sir, Sir! ——

The iust Italian.

Scialto. Hah! *Scoperta*? A cruell destinie
Hath murdered all our ioy: endeavouring an
Addresse for stealth of thee, I was surpris'd,
Disarm'd; euen heere 'ith presence of my Starres!

Scoperta. There's not a Starre in all the Firmament
Belongs to vs.

Scialto. O none! Or if there be,
Their influence is so weake that at
This distance Babes may blow'em out. Sure our
Creation we haue tooke vnknowne to Fate.

Scoperta. Our loue was of too nimble growth vnlesse
Philosophie giue hope, that after death
We may conuerse; this is the last of all
Our interuiues.

Scialto. That fatall Prophecie
Will shake my Soule from out my flesh; and like
Sometime Hermit I shall vnwounded die.

Scoperta. The word that's heard abreuates our discourse
And life: the Sand that limits both is false
Into the reach of number now: and I
Haue spent with thee the hasty time prefix'd
For a deuout imployment of my Beades.
The murderers are within.

Scialto. Grimme wild horror?
Hast thou no weapons there that I may vse
To annihilate their vigor and their shape?

Scoperta. Vnto thy Lips I'd throw a kisse, but with
The strings of my poore solitary Lute
They're bound my hands! ———

Scialto. O my hot rage! I could
Spit fire till I enkindle yonder Groue,
Raising a flame that might perplex the Earth,
And make'em thinke Heauen had dropp'd a Planet.

Scoperta. And I could weepe vntill I quenched that flame,
And drew suspicion that a second Flood
Was come to drowne mortallitie agen!

Scialto. This sudden eleuation of the Soule;

Prelageth

The iust Italian.

Prefageth death : as if it practis'd how
To rise, and climbe ere she begins her flight.

Scoperta. Whence is that noise ?

Scioto. I'll be as calme as are Arabian winds.

Scoperta. Stay, Vnheard we will conuerse. ———

See. They come, they come, deare loue, for euermore farewell.

The Mutes snatch her from the Window.

Scioto. O for the Giant race, to helpe me heaue
Those Mountaines vp, that I might buriethis
Proud Structure and my selfe ! Yon burlie Oake
(Whose Roots reach hell) I'll manage till I pownd
And batter all the Marble into Flowre. ———

Enter Altamont, Mervelle.

Mer. You haue oreheard, what will your knowledge grieue.

Altamont. Her Soule is ill prepar'd ?

Mervelle. I gaue command

They should awhile delay her death, lest want
Of leasure might destroy her penitence.

Altamont. Remaine within the summons of my call :
And leaue me heere. I charge thee by thy Vow,
And our friendships deare vse, that thou depart.

Exit Mervelle.

Scioto. Speake what thou art ?

Altamont. Some call me *Altamont.*

I've scene thee walke armd like a Magazin ;
With small Artillerie entrench'd : but thou
Art fitly now prepar'd for sufferance.

Scioto. Not thy tame sacrifice, but victorie :
I'll be. For naked as I am I will
Resist my death, and since vn furnisht to
Reuenge, yet I shall trouble thy best strength. ———

Altamont. *Scioto*, though, thou merit trechery,
And opposition that, by darkeste stealth,
May coulen thee, of thy luxurious soule,

The iust Italian.

Yet I will giue thee faire and equall Game.

Sciolto. False tyranie!

Altamont. Stay. This I will performe,
And 'tis to know the rigour of thy might,
What wondrous flame and spirits doe possesse
Thy spacious Breast.

Sciolto. There's relish of intent!

Altamont. I'd learne the providence and iustice of
My Fate; trie if they'll let me fall before
Th'incounter of thy beaſtiall ſtrength; thou that
Augments't thy finnes'to overcome the memorie
Of Heauen's in ſillie hope, th'accompts may be
Vnwilllinglie ſurward, becauſe th'are long.
Receiue thy Sword. ———

Sciolto. Miracle of bountie!

Altamont. If whilſt we ſtruggle in the pride of hope
Thou canſt ſo weaken my defence, that I
Become diſarm'd; thy libertie is gain'd.

Sciolto. With ſolemne penitence I could accuſe
My crimes 'gainſt thee: but griefe's akinne to feare.
This great demeanure of thy ſpleene diuides
Th'intent of Gratitude. I know not which
T'affoord thee moſt, my enuie, or my loue.

Alta. The moone hath now put on her brighteſt Robe;
My anger too, doth carrie fire enough
To light vs to the charge. Guard well thy Heart. ———

Sciolto. A little reſpite giue, ——— Muſt we needs fight?

Altamont. You then would couſen me of my reuenge? ———

Sciolto. Yet ſlay! ——— Know I doe loue thy Siſter well.

Alta. Marke (ſweet Heauen) with what exalted triumph
He boalts the fowle remembrance of his ſinne. ———

Thruſts at him.

Sciolto. Stiſſe as a columnne! ———

Altamont. Th'Arcadian wraſtler told
Young *Thyſeus* ſo; but he did yeeld as if
His ſinnewes had bin made of ſilke. So fierce? ———

Sciolto. Ile worke thy ſtrength ſo low, that Virgins ſhall

Haue

The iust Italian.

Haue power to shackle thee with spinners Threds —

Altamont. Thus I will bore thy flesh, till thou become
Transparant as a Sieve —

Sciolto. This closure hath
Intangled vs, let's make another charge?

Altamont. Euen thus diuided Billowes part, that they
May meete in greater foame —

Sciolto. Wilt thou not bleede?
Not yet? — I skirmish with vn bodied Aire.

Altamont. Thy guile betrays thy hand vnto mistakes,
And thus my iniurd Spirits greete thy life —

Sciolto. That Wound gapes like to a yawning Giant.
Altamont. So hot is thy lasciuious blood, that as

I sprinkle it, it scaldes my hands —

Sciolto. I reele
Before thy breath, and stumble at a Warr —

Falls.
Alta. Thy Sword's my Captiue now. *Mervelle.* ho!

Sciolto. I haue some courage yet, left in my Teeth,
If thou art kinde, come neerer with thy Throate —

Enter Mervelle, Master.

Altamont. O the Celestiall powers are full. See there,
He bleeds like to a Spring, that Borders on

The Rubicke Sea, whilst I remaine vnwound.

Mervelle. Has he not lost the benefit of breath?
Alta. Stop all his wounds, and giue him time to spend

The rest of's moisture in repentant Teares —

They bind him with scarfes.

Sciolto. My wounds clos'd vp, what meanes this courtesy?

Altamont. That thou mightst pleasure haue to pray. Be sure
(*Mervelle.*) when's deuotions haue an end

Vnto a powerfull length, you strangle him.
Sciolto. Can thy young honour stoope to such low flight?

The iust Italian.

Altamont. Vnto resistance equall, I expold
My strength, to try thy courage and my fate.
This was my iustice to my selfe: Iustice
I'le giue to thee: Thy crimes doe merit death.

Scioto. O sooth my last ambition then, be thou
My Executioner.

Altamont. Thou art disarm'd,
Thy blooming honors now are wither'd on
Thy Crest. I should deprive my Anger of
Her fame, to be thy actiue opposite.

Scioto: Scoperta, stay. My Soule shall houer strait
With thine. Stay for me in the Mulky-path.

Altamont. Let Italy avowch the iust demean
Of my reuenge. Dull Brittaines know no wrath.
Th'vnskillfull youth, that equall Duell giue
To him that first incens'd the blood, but tempt
The curtesie of Fate, such take delight
To stroke abuse, pay Iniuries, with right.

Mervelle. This way (Sir) leades vnto your Grave. You shall
Haue space, to gaine some friendship with the Saints.

Exeunt Mervelle, Scioto, Mutes.

Altamont. A sudden frost congeales my Heart, I shrinke
Like crooked Age: I am vnwieldy on
My ioynts, as if my vaines were empty growne.

Open his Dublet.

Wounded. His point has stollne into my Breast.
Oh helpe. I'ue yet some vse for life. Th' nice search,
I made to know Heaun's secret iustice is
Aueng'd. (Bold Earth) I weepe into the Sea,
And sigh augment the windes. Repentance is
An immateriall Salue, it cures the wound
Diseased Soule, but not the Bodie wound.

Receiues off. Exit.

The iust Italian.

Act the fift. Scene the first.

*Enter Niente, Aliza in her
Night Gowne.*

Aliza.

A Guard vpon my Gates, and haue they there
Binne plac'd ere since the first ariuall of
The Night?

Niente. *Mernolle* keeps the Keyes, he'll let
No seruant be awake about the house.

Aliza. The Sunne begins to bath it's Mornings Teares!
Hast thou *Lucie* call'd, and bid *Pythe* mix
With him in a sad Song?

Niente. I haue Madams.

Aliza. No more (*Niente*) shalt thou seruice doe
For me: last night I told thee I had lost
My vanitie: that courtly Lady serue
Who findes it first. But least thy wants augment
Thy Sinnes, my charitie affords thee this

Plings him a Purse.

Niente. Well I'm resolv'd to mend, or become worse,

Exit.

The iust Italian.

A Song betweene two Boyes.

1 **T**His Lady, ripe, and calme, and fresh,
As Easterne Summers are;
Must now forsake both Time, and Flesh,
T'adde Light to some small Starre.

2 Whilst yet a Que, each Starre decay'd
Shée may relleue with Light:
But Death leads Beauty to a shade
More cold more dark, then Night.

1 The sawcy faith of man doth blink
His pride, 'till it conduce
To Destine all his abject kind
For some Eternall use.

2 But aske now Boyes (as youd to be)
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is, but sorrowes Spy,
It is not safe to know.

Enter Mervolle.

Mervolle. Howle, howle, vntill you wake the inhabitants
Of Graues! till you disquiet all the Spheares;
And put harmonious Nature out of tune.

Alteza. What meanes this fallall summon, that doth make
Amazement cold, as is Iberian Ice.

Mer. Great Altamont (your Lord) who still was prompt
To curbe th'incitements of your wrath, threw wise

Aduantage

The iust Italian.

Advantage from his reach, and struggled with
The bold *Scialto*, in an equall warre.

Alteza. Downe holy flame. When Hope doth sicken so,
I would not haue the power to prophecy.

Mervelle. The surly Lyon, and the testy Bore,
Did nere maintaine, resistance with like fierce
And ruinous returne of strength: for from
Their Eyes such Lightning flew, that Villagers
(Whose early labours till'd the Earth) did thinke
Rash *Phaeton* did scourge the fiery Teeme.
Agen. *Scialto* chipp'd, ragged with wounds,
Did bleed away his strength. This his false Sword
Your Husband made me prostrate at your feet—
And 'tis the last memoriall of his loue.

Alteza. Ambiguous History! He conquerour,
Yet this the last memoriall of his loue!

Mer. Wife *Helen* did mocke your *Altamont*: for whilst
Oreioy'd with victory, he spies in's Breast
A large deepe wound, and thence his Soule tooke flight.

Alteza. O my poyre Lord! how soone hast thou begunne
Thy immortalie. The hasty Sparke
So upward mounts, and then no more is scene.

Mervelle. I th'last remainder of his dying speech,
He briefly told his Testament, which doth
Containe imployments sad, and such to you
Must actuate straight. To please his Ghost, shew now
A little loyaltie and loue, Rise, and
Be conducted by my slow steps. I will
Enforme your knowledge all that he enioynd.

Alteza. Th'obedience which I leant to his life,
Vnto his memory I'll strictly pay.

Mervelle. You haue a losse that doth out-speake complaint!
If sweete and pliant discipline of Couets,
If seats of mighty Warre, or sober Arts
Advance th'esseme of humane qualitie,
'Tis fit your *Altamont* we strue to raise
About the charitie or skill of praise.

The iust Italian.

*Enter Florello, Rossa, Molard, in their old habits,
Dandolo, Stoccata, Panto, bound.*

Florello. Who did assist your passage to this walke?

Rossa. *Mervelle* Sir, with whom we vs'd your name.
Doe you obserue the Count, and his two leane
Janizaries?

Florello. What in captivity?

Rossa. Certaine stratagems (Sir) haue binne leuel'd
Gainst the Prerogative of your lie ro'all.

Molard. Ere since the hope of day, they waited your
Descent from the Cloyster Bridge: but doubting
Their owne courage, and meeting vs disguis'd,
Thus in our originall weedes; they would
Haue brib'd vs for two Pistolets & assist

The prosecution of your death. Our Grace
And strength bound them to their good behatiours

Florello. They walke like Caterpillers on a Lease.

Takes Dandolo aside.

Yeeld me the cause why you contru'd my death.

Dandolo. Good faith (Sir) for no harme.

Florello. Giue me a Knife

They search Dandolo.

Rossa. Here is one belong'd to *Hans van Gensheke.*

Florello cuts Dandolo's bonds, and gives him the Knife.

Florello. Take your selfe solemnly aside and cut
Your Throat! do't strait, and nearly too, y'had best.

Dandolo. The motion I dislike, 'tis dangerous.

Florello. Haue you three throats, can you reuiue as oft
As you are kill'd, to take new punishment,
That thus you mutinie gainst kind reason?

Dandolo. These thousand yeeres 't has bin obseru'd, the eldest
Brothers of her house (Sir) could nere endure
To cut their Throates.

Florello. 'Tis fit (deare Count) that you
Must die; I'm els vniust vnto my selfe:

Dandolo!

The iust Italian.

Dandolo. With sapient Arts, we will project to saue
Th'reputation of your iustice.

Florello. As how?

Dandolo. I will promulgate I am dead, and both,
My Champions heere shall sweare't.

Stoccata. Wele venture one
Commandement to saue another sir.

Florello. This cannot satisfy. How ere (Sir Count)
If you will patiently accept your death,

I'll furnish ye with Guides, for your last iauent,

You *Punto*, and *Stoccata* too! No more

Of your phylosophie. Fix Brow, to Brow,

Knock out, each others Braines, and shew your Lord

The way, vnto th'Elizian-Field. Doe it

At first encounter too, For I'm in haste

Stoccata. Slight Sir, I nere was in Elizium, I.

Nor should I finde the way thither, though Signior

Argos, lent me Nintie Nine of his Eies.

Florello. Then *Punto* shall be conduct to ye both.

Punto. Good Signior, any curtesie but this

You may command, You still doe most presume

Vpon the calmest, and th'easie Nature.

Rossa. They all are forfeitures to th'Law. If you'le

Bestow'em but as prisoners vnto us,

They shall suffer, or giue vs large ransome.

Florello. How't a ransome? These Two are poorer then

Carthusian-Monkes: leane as a Romish Lent.

Slauer, who pretend sicknesse, that they may lie

In Hospittals to steale the Sheets. Achornes

They eate, such as Westphalia-Hoggs doe (corne.

Rossa. The Count (Sir) will vntie his Strings for'em.

Dandolo. Ransome, I'll giue: for I doe hate to die,

Florello. The ransome must

Be small. Shuffle'em together: and pack

Em hence, I will not heare a sillable

Of thanks. *Rossa.* see'em hor'd for Millaine.

Exeunt all but Florello.

Enter

The iust Italian.

Enter Charintha to him.

Charintha. O dismall change! does your victorious Sword
Hang now on aged Belt of Bandedeere?
Is your high Plumè moulded to a sprigge, small,
As if 'twere made o'rh wing of a Beetle.

Florello. Who can resist the frownes of destiny?
My suffrance giues my merits their reward.

Charintha. Your speech was wont to be in a more high
Exalted Key: lowd as a Gulph! Your heart
Was full of ligges, and your feet did wander
Euen like Autumns dust.

Florello. Affect so much
Humilitie as may employ your thoughts
With more compassion on my sinns fall.

Charintha. I threw on you perpetuall banishment.

Florello. I'm come to manifest the sinne of my
Disguise: though it proceeded more from hope
T'inyoy your person then your wealth: Witnesse
Each nimble Register of humane Thoughts.

Charintha. His got a sweet and powerfull way in speech.

Florello. This is my reall shape, in which I doe
Appcare, a thinnè and witherd Souldier borne,
I th'later age of warre: When glorie's sickè,
And honour triuiall as the spleene of Babes.

Charintha. He was not wont to vse this Dialect.

Florello. Grant now (thou beauntious wealth of Italy)
An expiation for my crimes: For know,
I would be cleane when I shall dedicate
My future vewes to th'absent Altar of
Thy Heart: lest I doe loose the vse of my
Idolatry, and make repentance sinne.

Charintha. Doe all harmonious gifts reside within
Such course and humble words?

Florello. Destroy me not
With scorne: I know you Ladies most delight
I th'fraile surface of the body, in name,

And

The iust Italian.

And guilded pompe, which was the fatall cause
I practis'd them on you:

Charintha. Y' endeere the worst
Of fashion vnto vs, by making it
A custome in your selues. If men did not
Prouide such follies for our sight, we knew
Not where to finde their vse; for they digest
Them first, then they become our nourishment.

Florello. Vaine men. We alter our creation so
With female shapes, that Heauen scarce knows its stamp
And Nature (that distinction still commands
T' each Sex) forgets the worke of her owne hands.

Charintha. I nere beheld a feature masculine
Till now: had you but thus appeard vnto
My first suruay, I might haue lou'd in haste,
And yet excus'd the rashnesse of my eies.
I ginne to feele some danger in my stay.

Florello. Ere you depart, a small memoriall from
Your hands, I craue, to weare vpon my crest,
That it may tempt kinde fate to looke on me,
When I in glorious battell strue; and
I will absent my selfe for euermore.

Charintha. I nothing keepe for such sad vse, as to
Deprive me of so sweet a miracle.

Florello. Grant my request, or I'll pursue your steps

Charintha. If you continue still to beg, I feare
My bounty will prooue rash: and I shall giue
So much of loue, as you can nere repay. ———

Florello. O my auspicious starres! Should I not now
Make vse of your good influence, I were
Vnworthy of your care. ———

Enter Mernelle.

Mernelle. The choice you make
Can nere deferue your chaste and lawfull fire
She is *Florello* of a heart and straine
Too insolent for nupriall happinesse.

Florello. Thou hast bin call'd my friend. But if thy spleene
Continue a dislike of her, I'll blow thee from

The iust Italian.

My memory, and with my chiefest strength
I'll punish thy mistake —

Mervolle. A des'late griefe
Will more become thy breast then this proud rage.
Thy brother's dead, and his decease caus'd by
Her sisters pride.

Charintha. My sisters husband dead.
Florello. Into my eares thou hast a horror pow'd

That hath already stiffen'd euery haire
On my amazed skull into a Reed.

Charintha. Wilt thou neglect to cherish the swift growth
Of our new loues?

Mervolle. Like to her sister she
But counterfeits a passionate esteeme,
That thy fond Nature she might tempt beneath
Her rule. If *Altamour* be deate vnto
Thy thought, leaue her, and straight attend his Heale,
That in the Chappell waits thy obsequie. *Exit.*

Charintha. Th' inspir'd Needle's not more true vnto
The North, the Sunne to his diurnall race,
Nor Riuers to the Maine; then I to thee.

Florello. Sorrow and lope, my senses doe diuide.
If I remayne with thee, then only loue
I serue, if with sad sleps, I tread the way
Vnto my Brothers Heale, I both obey. *Exit.*

Charin. Thou dost requite the skornes which I did throw
On thy first loue. My destiny must needs
Be tragicke now: since the contracted scope
Of all my ioy, rests in diseased hope. *Exit.*

Enter Mervolle, Alceza.

Mervolle. Behold the Throne, your Lord commanded me
Prepare: and heere you must be pleas'd to sit.

Alceza. Can this advancement ought refer to your
Delight, or to my Lords last Testament?

Mervolle. Iustice hath laid her sword within your reach;
And

The iust Italian.

And you haue power to sheath it so ; that where
You execute, you may a murder doe,
Or sacrifice. Bring the delinquents in.

*Enter Sciolto, Scoperta, at severall dores, each led in, bound
and hoodwinked, by two Mutes.*

Alexa, Sciolto and Scoperta still alive ?

Sciolto. Thy spirit *Altamont* ascended with
The loue of all my chiefeſt orizons.

Mervelle. Theſe two were by your husbands iealouſie,
And hate, ordaind for death : but ere that we
Could actuate his will ; his noble breſt
Receiurd a wound, that bad him ſtrait provide
For's owne eternitie. The laſt of all
His ſpeech, referd them both vnto your power.
You may appoint them live or die : and I'm
Oblig'd by vow, to ſee perform'd what you
Command.

Alexa. O dire, ſiniſter accident !

Mervelle. Your jewels, and your wealth, I haue pack'd vp,
To eaſe our flight, when we haue finiſh'd
This uſurpation of the Lawes. Let them
Inioy their eyes, that they may know their Iudge.

The Mutes vnmuffle'em.

Scoperta. Hah, *Sciolto* !

Sciolto, Scoperta, O my Girl !

Mervelle. Keepe them diuided from each others reach :

Sciolto. I thought thy beauties had bene darke and cold,
And th'adit (ere this) begun an eaſie ſleepe
Within thy ſilent Graue.

Scoperta. And I ſuppos'd thee fled
A Harbenger to Heauen : with purpoſe to
Beſpeake my Billet neere to thine.

Sciolto. Since this ſad night, did blind the drowſie world,
They thus haue manacled my ſtrength. They've watch'd
My hardy violence ſo tame, that now

The iust Italian.

Each featherd Forrester rooſts in my Beard.

Scoperta. We cannot (Sir) be mortall long ; therefore
Receiue a hope our ſufferance will ceaſe.

Mernolle. *Sciolto*, now requite the leysure I
Haue giuen thy penitence, by rendring ſtraight
Vnto the world, how farre thou didſt corrupt
Theſe Ladies with thy guilt. For know, I ſtill
Perſwaded *Altamont* thy luſt inioi'd
No more, then what concern'd wiſhes or hope.

And I was vſher'd to'th beliefe of this,
By knowledge of thoſe ſecret ſpies which he
Imploy'd to watch your perſonall remooues,
About the Houſe : whoſe labours euer miſs'd
Of finding that ſuccaſſe he prophecy'd.

Sciolto. I doe confeſſe in' imagination once
Did ſinne againſt them both : but if it ere
Extended vnto aſt ; let me loſe Heauen,

Mernolle. If *Altamont* were now alive, he would
Permit this vtterance cleere his ſayth. Madam,
You heare that he *Scoperta* vindicates
By oath ; though his owne crime doth carry an
Import more euident, and blacke ; but yet
When you behold his feature, and his youth,
Your mercy may conceiue t'were pitty that
He ſhould ſo ſoone depart from time and fleſh.

Altoza. Sir, you haue ſkill to know my womanhood
Is weake as ignorance, or ſleepe. Why ſhould
You ſear me heere, thus to diſpoſe of Law :
That ne're knew any iuſtice, but reuenge.

Mernolle. Your ſentence I am bound to execute.

Altoza. Haue I not heard you ſay, my Husband did
Ordaine them both for death ? I would ill become
The duty of my knowledge ſalter his
Decree.

Mernolle. Keepe your intent, I will ſurpe
The office of your tongue. Mutes, ſtrangle them.

Sciolto. If in thy functions, gentle Nature claime

An

The iust Italian.

An interest, let vs imbrace, and vse
Solemnity, before we doe forsake
Each others view.

Mervolla. I grant what you
Request: make your performance short; whilst I
Reuale m'opinions (Lady) to your care.

*Scioto, and Scoperta kneele to each
other.*

Scioto. O *Scoperta*! this is the last of all
Our busie dreames, what we possesse is but
Imaginary now: Thy shadow I,
Embrace, not thee: for like to it, thou'lt flie
From my enioyment, and no more be seene! —

Scoperta. So much of various fate, so soone expres'd
Two louers yet nere knew; since sympathy
First dwelt on Earth.

Scioto. Ere long we must be cold,
Cold, cold my Loue, and wrapp'd in stubborn sheets
Of lead: hows'd in a deepe, a gloomy vault;
Where no society will mix with vs,
But what shall quicken from our tainted limmes.

Scoperta. Whilst still ther's noise, and busines in the world,
Whilst still the warres grow loud, and battels ioyne,
Whilst Kings their Queenes salute in Iuory beds.

Scioto. But O! how many Ages may succeed
In Heauens darke Kalender; ere we agen
Materiall be, and meet in our warme flesh?

Sci. And whether that our soules, when they're prefer'd
To taste eternity will euer thinke
Vpon the bargaines of our humane loue,
Is vnto me a desolate suspence.

Scioto. Philosophy doth seeme to laugh vpon
Our hopes, and wise Divinity belies
Our knowledge, with our Fayth: iealous Nature,
Hath lock'd, her secrets in a Cabinet,

The iust Italian.

Which Time nere saw : and he that in it prys
Vnto Religion forfeites his bold Eies.

Scoperta. Our Reason frights our Sences to distrust.
My Lipps doe begge from thine a Legacie——

Scioto. O sad accompt. How is my bounty now
Exhaust : This is the last I ere shall giue——

Mernolle. Blind them agen, and stay their deaths awhile.
Madam, your knowledge is already taught

Scoperta's innocence. *Scioto's* deed
Stands nere your punishment ; but distant far
From remedy. Marke, his goodly feature.

With what magnificence he's built? Besides
This Morne, his Vnkle too (the wealthiest of
Our Senators) is dead, and has bine pleas'd
T' intitle him his Heire.

Alteza. Should I not chide?

Mernolle. Thinke how you lou'd him once, He will (to save
His life) discard *Scoperta's* interest,
And marry you : a hapinesse compleate
For both

Alteza. Hah?

+ *Scioto.* Slaues, Stretch now your Cordage out,
Pull till my Eies doe starte like Bulletts from my Skull,
Murdering wherthey fite——

Alteza. Hold; hold.—— Did my
dead Lord bid you performe, what I decree?

Mernolle. He did : and I asured it with my Vowes.

Alteza. Heare then without resistanc of my breath,
Scioto is condemn'd by Law ; as knowne

The fatall Instrument that did deprive
My Lord, of precious life ; so he must die.

T' were fit my care affected mercie in
Scoperta's dome ; she's Sister to my Lord :

But her sweete innocence doth make her safe.
She must remaine among the living still.

And in her rome, I doe condemne my selfe.
For my sterne pride, was the originall cause

The iust Italian.

Of this blacke Tragedy. Kind Sir, as you
Esteeme your Vowes, see my edict perform'd:
And giue me priuiledge first to endure
its wrath——

She descends.

Mervelle. This carries wonder in't
Scoperta. I'll not resigne these bonds of Death, vnlesse
Scioto share in the compassion too——

Alteza. Giue me your pardon (gentle Mayd). I haue
Depriu'd you of a Brother that deseru'd
More Pyramids, then all th'Egiptian Kings.
Instead of him, receaue my pray'rs, my wealth.
When o're his Hertsle you raise a Monument,
And fix my Marble-Figure neere to his,
Create me weeping.—— I shall goe, with so
Much sorow, to my Graue, that being dead,
My Ashes will haue power to penetrate
The Stones. Release this pious Lady and
Performe your execution vpon me——

*One o'th Mutes pulls of his Vizard & discouers
himselfe to be Altamont.*

Altamont. Away you dreadfull Ministers of death.
The Lawrell Sprigge, the Mirtle nicely wreath'd
In Coronets, my Loue deserues, for she
Is growne too good for Earth.——

Alteza. My *Altamont.* ——

She sinks.

*Mervelle vnmuffles, and vnbuckles Scioto, and Scoperta, who
straighly embrace each other.*

Scioto. This deceipt brings wonder, great as our ioy.
They that diuide vs now, must vse the strength
Of swelling floods, and helpe of Thunder too ——

Altamont. Put all thy beauties on agen, and smile
At the returne of our long absent loue:
My wound is clos'd, and will haue instant cure ——

The

The iust Italian.

Altera. The Earth groan'd at my fall, so heauie are
My sinnes, so much they did increase my weight.

Altamont. Rise gently like a flame, from incense sprung
Mervelle, to appeale my ieaousie

Ordain'd me this disguises that I might heare
How in your sentence you behau'd your loue
To me: Hadst thou continu'd false, I had
Increas'd the anger of thy fate: but now
Thou art indeer'd vnto my heart agen. —

Altera. Sir, I haue hope my future loyaltie
Will manifest, your mercie well bestow'd. —

Altamont. *Scoperta*, thou'lt excuse the cariage of
My doubts, I look'd on thee with ih'eies of loue,
And loue is still too strict in her suruay. —

Scoperta. My memorie would sinne, should it record
Ought that might nourish my dislike of you:
You made me taste of sorrow, not of wrath.

Sciolto. 'Tis I, that haue most needfull vse of your
Kind charitie: forget my errors past,
And to oblige my future gratitude

Giue Hymen leaue to know your sister for
My wife. 'Tis Vnkles death hath lent me power
Still to maintaine her in such qualitie
As shall become my deere respects to you,
The greatnesse of her virtue, and her blood.

Altamont. Take her, and be as tender of her health,
As Heauen hath o'rethy wounds; which in their cure
Expresse much miracle. — My iust's so swell
My breast, that I doe finde there's danger in
Delight. How bleis'd *Mervelle* are thy Arts?

Mervelle. Some Angels care assisted the successe.

Enter Charintha, Bisposia.

Charintha. Not *Altamont's* returne to life, nor yet
Sciolto's and *Scoperta's* glad reprim
Nor all the ioyes in reconcilment of

YOUR

The iust Italian.

Your loues express'd, can my cold senses please:
Florella is vniuersall.

Befogna. The little God
Hath lately prick'd her with his bawdy shaft.

Altramont. Tell me *Charintha*, is thy love sincere:
Such as it's simple youth of Nature is,
Exchang'd by louers with a harmeleffe plight.

Charintha. It is sincere, as holy Hermits vowes,
And true, as their confession at their deaths.

Mervell. Appeare *Florella*, and receiue thy doome.

Enter Florella. O

Altramont. It was *Mervell's* care thus to assure
Thy Miſtresse's eall loue, and constancie
Ere thou shouldst give too much of thine away.
But now receiue her from *Alicea's* hand.

Alicea. *Charintha*, thy election is so safe
Thou neuer wilt repent the iudgement of
Thy light. He cannot be so meere ill'd
Vnto the blood of *Altramont*, but he
Must needs participate in virtue too.

Charintha. We will embrace each other vntill Age,
Deprive our courteous sinewes of extent.

Florella. The gentle Turtle shall direct vs how
T'augment our loues, the Eagle to renew
Our youth, and we will stur to imitate
The crooked Vine in our increase.

Altramont. Ioy, ioy!
The firmament is now vnmask'd, and each
Of vs, hath found his starre.

Florella. My Lou'd Sister,
I haue oreheard the story of your griefs,
And from this noble Signior, I must begge
A faith inker'd, the name of Brother too.

Sciote. You shall be precious to my eyes as day.

The iust Italian.

Enter *Rossa*, *Molard*, fantastically cloth'd in
Dandole's habit.

Molard. The great *Dandole* and his Giant whelpes
Are mounted on a Mule.

Rossa. Naked they ride
As scouters of *Tartary* they're victual'd with
A sir gle egge.

Altiament. What are these, walking Drummes?

Flora. Th'are such your knowledge shall affect: they must
Inioy what Iatchicue. Dull men, a'war,
The Trophie of my victorie behold,
She's mine: bow, and doe homage to her lippe.

Al. Still thou dost mourn (*Alteco*) like a Dove. Soft musicke
Hearke, hearke how the Roman Organ sounds
T'invoke the Thracian Lir; the Cymbals of
Inde, call *Cassian* Cornets forth;
And *German* Viols wake the *Tuscan* Lutes
The sacred noise attend, that whilst wee heare,
Our soules may dance into each others care.

FINIS.

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